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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

COLONEL COCHRANE.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE people of New York know this gentleman tolerably well. Hereafter they will drop him from their memories. He has grievously erred if he imagined that his late constituents in New York had become Abolitionists, or in any manner changed their views on the slavery question, and in his desperate plunge into the embrace of the Garrison and Phillips party, he has bidden farewell to New York Democracy forever. Nor has he won favorable regard from the Administration. When a politician, having become a soldier, takes to speech-making instead of fighting, it is safe to suppose that he is looking for effect, and is dealing in his old trade. In the present instance, we have the gratifying assurance that the President, Gen. McClellan, the heads of departments and the entire Union sentiment in Washington, with a few exceptions, are profoundly grieved at the folly which he has perpetrated.

Mr. Cochrane should understand better the orders of his superior officers, and the spirit which animates his soldiers. If the sentiments he utters were adopted by the government, to burn, plunder, and destroy, to arm slaves for insurrection, and fight for the "liberty of the human race" instead of the Constitution which was made for white Americans, if such a course were approved by the Administration, the war might as well be abandoned at once as hopeless. Every General, who has either military character, or the heart of a man, would retire from the field. Hundreds of thousands of citizens, men who have thought and talked and voted as Mr. Cochrane once did, and who still think and talk and will, when they have opportunity, vote as they always have, but who for the present are in arms for the Union and the laws, would demand to be discharged from a service they would abhor.

"Beauty and booty" is not the watchword of the American soldier. It never was, and God forbid it ever should be, though a hundred New York Colonels with glib tongues seek to disguise its horrors in such sounding phrases that even a Cabinet officer who listens may fail to appreciate the atrocity of their character.

It is useless to repeat the arguments against this madness of arming the slaves. If you want, for the Union, only the Southern territory, the fields and forests overrun by hordes of negroes made savage by rapine and blood; if you desire only the blackened ruins of its homes, the unburied remains of its sons, the desolated hearths around which will forever linger the curses of its outraged and slaughtered matrons and maids; if this is the desire of your hearts, follow the lead of this New York Colonel, "plunge this whole people, black and white, into one indiscriminate sea of carnage and slaughter" (his own words), and write for the remotest generations of mankind to read the foulest and the bloodiest page in all the human story.

Some men are born fools, and of them there is hope. Some are born with reasonable souls, and become foolish, and of such there is no hope, not the most distant.

We have confidence in the present administration of affairs, and with that confidence we have assured our readers that the war is to be conducted on the principles which have been announced. The course of Gen. Dix in Eastern Virginia, of Gen. Sherman in South Carolina, alike confirm our confidence, and give evidence of the sincerity and consistency of the Administration. It is of the highest importance that the people be saved from the evil effects of such speeches as Cochrane's. *If New York city believed that his sentiments were approved by the President, we do not believe another million could be raised for the government in all the bonds together.*

DE BOW ON THE DANGERS OF PEACE.

From The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

DE BOW'S November *Review* has an admirable article, entitled the "Perils of Peace." The obvious danger of an immense Yankee immigration, which will abolitionize the border States at the ballot-box, unless such restrictions are placed upon the exercise of suffrage as will prevent them from ever having a vote, are painted in letters of light. We have often referred to this danger as one which, if not provided against in time, will render all the blood and treasure expended in the war entirely profitless.

The same writer also contends that, while our present foreign population, which has proved so gallant and faithful in the Southern cause, should retain the possession of every right which they now have, the same privilege should not be conferred upon future emigrants to this country. He also expresses the opinion that no European, and, we may add, Northern citizen, now residing in the South, unless it be one who is still an alien in feeling, will condemn a feeling which does not deprive Northerners or foreigners, now visiting here, of any right which they possess, but only proposes to exclude hereafter those who are now endeavoring to deprive every Southern man of his liberties.

THE BLACK FLAG.

Richmond Cor. of The Petersburg Express, 12th.

THE spring of hope must now, with the Yankees, die upon the winter winds. Already the black flag has been hoisted upon the soil of South Carolina, and *war to the knife, and knife to the hilt, and thence to the shoulder*, been proclaimed by her noble sons as the only booty which Yankee hireling invaders shall receive at their hands. This is right. It is the only way to conquer a peace with a people so lost and degraded as those which compose the grand army of the rump government. We look anxiously for news from the sunny South; hopefully, prayerfully, with no misgivings. Now that the rallying cry is, "no quarter to the invaders of our soil," may we not believe that the course inaugurated by South Carolina will be followed up by our whole army, and thus end the war? "So mote it be."

BLOODTHIRSTY PIETY.

[The following letter was picked up in one of the camps at Port Royal. We omit from it whatever relates to purely family matters, and publish only that which illustrates the temper and spirit which seems to characterize the rebels in their conduct of this war:]

COLUMBUS, GA., Sept. 17.

DEAR COUSIN: I received your letter the other night, and I make haste to write you another. The war-dogs will be upon us, and that soon. Our Governor is making great preparation for coast defences. He has called out all the militia, and calls upon every one to be ready at a moment's notice. When I read your letter to Sis, and came to the part where you said *you would write me a letter in blood*, she shuddered and said she did not like to hear such. But *I do*, and if I ever go to war *I shall bring me a scalp home*, and if you have a fight, *I want you to send me one, and I will hang it up in my room and gaze upon and pity the poor mortal that would dare fight against Southern chivalry.* I am all for the war, and mourn over my lot that I am not allowed to go, but soon eight months will pass away, and then I can go if the war continues. I will be in, and I will show them what I can do. I pray not for the destruction of my enemies, but *would that I could shoot down six and see them fall and hear their death-shriek, and then I would be satisfied.* I would then rest from the scenes of war, but not until every enemy is driven from our shores; but I hope I will have a hand in the show here at home, when they invade our State—the Empire State of the South. Times are very dull here. Sister is teaching school now, and she wrote you a letter the day before I received yours. May this find you still alive, and when the time comes for you to lay down your life in the cause of your country, may you lay it down to ascend to the right hand of Jesus Christ and of our Father, where there will be no more wars, or strife, or sorrow, or tears; and may we all be gathered around the Throne, where we will praise the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost forever. Amen! From your well-wishing cousin,

H. T. EVERETT.

GEMS FROM THE NEW YORK EXPRESS.

THERE is an increasing disposition on the part of the Abolition press to re-tap the negro drum—and the old Abolition *tattoo* is now being resounded by all the Abolition lecturers. Sumner is afloat again—not in the army, not *he!*—and Gerrit Smith is starting, and Cheever, and Garrison, and Fred Douglass, too. These men are not content with the collision *they* brought on with the secession of the South, which the Peace Congress propositions would have easily avoided, and which they cried down, but now, to the horrors of civil war, *they* are trying to add the horrors of servile war too. God forgive them, for they know what they do.

"Putting arms into slaves hands!" If this be attempted to any extent, the whole world will cry out against our inhumanity, our savagery, and the sympathies of all mankind will be turned against us, as they were against the blacks that murdered and drove the French from Hayti. And, if it be attempted, the soldiers in the army from Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, all Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, Pennsylvania, nearly all, and from New York, South of the Erie Canal, with the strong regiments from New Jersey, will, before God, protest being thus put upon an equality with negro soldiers in their ranks.

It is said that Sumner's Worcester speech, which was so generally disavowed by his party, and to circulate which in the North unsuccessful appeals were made to decent Churches, is having considerable currency at the South. They think there is nothing like it to inflame still further the minds of the Southern people against the Union and the North. Massachusetts owes it to herself to take the earliest opportunity to treat him as the disunionist which he is.—*Boston Courier.*

If it was not intended for that use, it was well calculated for it; Abolitionists have been doing just that kind of work all along to help secession.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY.—We learn that Rev. George B. Cheever, William Lloyd Garrison, and Gerrit Smith, are expected to speak in this city on the War and Slavery, during the present lecture season.—*Syracuse Journal.*

These gentlemen might do some good perhaps in the army, but going about *lecturing* only against the South in time of war is bringing the lecture system into contempt.

Selections.

SPEECH OF GEN. JIM. LANE,

In Camp at Springfield, Missouri, in response to a Visit and Serenade from the 24th Indiana Regiment, Thursday, Oct. 31, 1861.

[EXTRACT.]

GENTLEMEN: I shall not conceal the fact that in one respect I differ from some of my compeers in command, as to the mode of warfare which is best calculated to bring this wretched contest to a speedy, durable, and honorable close. The point of difference refers, of course, to slavery—the cause of all differences—the Pandora's box from which have issued all our national troubles. My creed is, *Let slavery take care of itself.* If it can survive the shock of war, let it live, but if between an upper and nether mill-stone it be ground to powder, and the winds drive it away, it is not for me to gather up the dust again. I do not propose to make war upon slavery, but upon rebels, and in the meantime to let slaves and slavery take care of themselves. An oligarchy more cruel and proscriptive than ever scourged and cursed a nation, ancient or modern, has brought on this war *for* slavery; and if we are required to protect, or in any way help slavery, then we are required to cooperate with the enemy, to help him, to defend him, and work for the same end. Can we place ourselves thus in alliance with our deadly and barbarous foes, and at the same time conquer them, subdue them, crush them? When lesser contradictions are reconciled, we will think of harmonizing this. War, at least, is a terrible calamity to a nation. In all the country through which we have passed mails are stopped, schools are suspended, churches are turned into hospitals for the sick and wounded, and general demoralization prevails. Protract the war one year, and desolation, moral and material, alone would mark the track of armies. Justice, humanity and mercy require that the conflict should be terminated as soon as possible with the least practicable shedding of blood. Astonishing as it may seem to you, gentlemen from Indiana, it is a fact we have repeatedly demonstrated, that a heavier blow is dealt to the realm of Secessia in the abduction or freedom of a slave than in the killing of a soldier in arms. Yes, and I put the truth in a still stronger light: abduct from the same family a slave, and kill a son in arms, and the loss of the slave will be regarded as the greater misfortune—the calamity for which there is no healing balm. I could bring up more than a thousand witnesses, whose observation and experience qualify them to speak of the truthful candor of my remarks. If, then, by allowing a slave to fall into the wake of the army and find the priceless boon of freedom, we avoid bloodshed, save property from destruction, and strike death-dealing blows upon the head and front of this rebellion, does not every good and just consideration require that this policy be adopted? This war was for slavery; let us make it the mighty engine for slavery's destruction, and the rebels will soon cry "enough" (cheers). They will see that, like Saturn in the fable, they are eating their own children, and will consent to cut short the repast. Every guarantee that is given to slavery by the government strengthens the rebels in their course. The Kansas Brigade has met the enemy in battle, and routed him in every conflict. We have destroyed Osceola—a sort of half town and half military post—but all these things combined have not brought the rebels so quickly to their knees as the escaping of a few hundred slaves by following the back track of the army (cheers). Gentlemen, my logic teaches that we cannot defend and make war upon the same foe at the same time; and if it is the purpose of the government to crush the rebels and prevent their slaves from stampeding, *two* armies should be sent into the field. The advance force might be called the treason-crushing army, and should be furnished with offensive weapons. The other should be called the slavery-restoring army, and should move about ten miles in the rear. It should be clad in defensive armor of triple steel; for such is the meanness of spirit which is bred in the hearts of men by slave-breeding, slave-trading and slave-holding, that the masters would creep into every place of ambush and fire upon those who were gathering up and returning their fugitive human property. It would be illegitimate for the slavery-restoring army to return the fire, as they might harm some of the pets and darlings for whom they were so generously acting (laughter). Therefore, give them the defensive armor, but no offensive weapons. Such an arrangement, novel as it might seem, must be had if slavery is to be preserved in the rear of an army, which moves with a force sufficient to crush this huge rebellion. In my opinion the second army should be as numerous as the first. Preserving slavery will cost the government ten times as much as crushing the rebellion ("That's so"). The policy inaugurated by the Kansas Brigade, which I have the honor to command, was not adopted in a moment, but is the result of much experience. In a speech, recently made in the city of Leavenworth, my feelings of indignation became wrought up to such a pitch that I was betrayed into the use of language which was justly condemned by the religious sentiment of the country, and which, in cooler moments, meets my earnest disapproval. But, whether excited or calm, whether my language is rough or smooth, principle and duty require that our policy be rigidly adhered to until condemned by the government, and if it should be condemned, if the government demand of the Brigade obedience to the behests of slavery, I shall consider the question of withdrawing from the field. Since the rebels have failed to nationalize slavery, their battle-cry is: "Down with the Union." Let slavery lift its crest in the air, and here I solemnly vow that, if Jim Lane is compelled to add a note to such an infernal chorus, he breaks his sword and quits the field. Let us be bold; inscribe "Freedom to All" upon our banners, and appear just what we are—the opponents of slavery. It is certain, as if written in the book of fate, that this point must be reached before the war is over. Take this stand, and enthusiasm will be inspired in the ranks. In steadiness of purpose and courage each soldier will be a Spartan hero. The spirit of the Crusader will be united with the iron will of the Roman, and an army of such soldiers is invincible (cheers). These things to you, Indianians, may appear strange; but when your military education has received that peculiar cast which experience is sure to give it, and which now pertains to the Kansas soldier, then will we march shoulder to shoulder, and victoriously, too, against the enslavers and brutalizers of men; against the traitors to the best government in the world.

Soldiers, we have a commander in whose skill, courage, and kindness of heart we may always confide. Gen. Hunter has a Kansas education; he has suffered with us because of slavery, and he will, I know, endorse the policy I have advocated to-night.

It should be the business of Congress, at its coming session, to pass a law directing the President of the United States, by proclamation, to order the rebel States, within 30 days or 60 days, to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance; or in default thereof, declare every slave free throughout their domains. So far as I am concerned, I hope the Almighty will so direct the hearts of the rebels that, like Pharaoh, they will persist in their crime; and then we will invade them and strike the shackles from every limb. Provision, too, should be made for settling the Africans in Hayti, Central or South America, and let the race form a nation by itself. Liberia has served a glorious purpose, in teaching the world that these oppressed and wretched people are capable of supporting themselves and of self-government. I look upon the republic of Liberia as the bud—yes, the full-blown hope of the whole of Africa. I wish it every encouragement and success. But it is too many thousand miles for us to transport four million slaves. This fast age has not the time and patience requisite to such a task. But our own continent has room sufficient, with soil, climate and productions suitable for the accommodation of this people, who, in the mysteries of Providence, are thrown among us. Transportation to the places named may be made a practicable reality. The good of both races requires their separation. Ages of oppression, ignorance and wrong, have made the African a being inferior in intellect and social attainments to the Caucasian; while together we shall always have low, cringing servility on the one hand, and lordly domination on the other. It is better for both that each enjoy the honors and responsibilities of a nationality of its own. In such an event our common humanity would make a vast stride toward perfection. As such a proclamation might have the effect to liberate the slaves of many loyal citizens, I would cheerfully give my consent to have them paid out of the national treasury for any loss they might sustain. Let us dare to do right, trusting to the principle that right makes might; and the great republic, once the wonder of the world, will emerge from these troubles purer, wealthier and stronger than ever. These are among the reasons why "Freedom to All" is the watchword of the Kansas Brigade. Would to God I could publish it throughout the army and to the whole nation! "Let the wind waft it over the prairies of the West, let the thunder of our cannon speak it in the ears of traitor tyrants, let the mountains of Pennsylvania, Virginia and New England, echo it to their whole people, let the ground swell from earth to heaven, and the great God of angels and men, as its patron and friend, will give it success.

Letter from Springfield to The Tribune.

The ladies of Major Berry's family in spite of their secession views, were among the listeners to Jim Lane's speech, which was made from the balcony of the house. On reëntering afterward, they were astounded to find that all the negroes in the family (five) had embraced the opportunity afforded by their brief absence to run away! Not a single servant remained in the house, and yesterday morning the ladies were reduced to the melancholy necessity of preparing their own breakfast! During the day they were searching diligently through Lane's camp for their evanescent chattels, but not, I think, with very brilliant prospects of success.

MORE ABOUT THE CONTRABANDS.

BEAUFORT AND VICINITY.

From The Tribune.

THE correspondent at Port Royal of *The Times* thus reports progress on the contraband question:

"The battle of Port Royal was terminated at about 3 o'clock on Thursday last; on Saturday, at the same hour, I saw eighty fugitive slaves, contraband of war, who had escaped from their masters and hurried within the Union lines. This was on the southern headland of the bay, and on the northern side there are half as many more. They report that *the rest are coming.* They declare that, since last March, they have been waiting and watching for the Yankees. And this is in South Carolina—this is where the blacks are so contented, where they were so attached to their masters, where we were defied to seduce them away. No attempt has been made, or will be made, to entice them, much less to excite an insurrection, but those who come in will be welcomed, will be clad and fed and set to work for the national cause. I talked for an hour with various of them. They were all men or boys—of every age—some had been house servants, some field hands, some were stupid and stolid in an extraordinary degree, but they had very definite ideas relative to the Yankees. Through their jargon, at first nearly unintelligible, I was able at last to get at those ideas. They saw my difficulty in apprehending them, and said they could not talk plain, but it was all 'here,' pointing to their breasts. They said they believed the Yankees to be friends; that they came in to work, to do whatever they were bidden; they had expected us, but not dared to speak of it to their masters; they had seen the fight from up the river, and hurried down as soon as it was over. They all report that since last March they have been waiting for us; they all declare that, so far as they know, all the blacks are anxiously waiting for us; their only uneasiness was on account of the wives and children they had left behind, but when told they should see these again, their fears were at once allayed. So here is a mighty engine put into our hands, one that may well be used to weaken the enemy. A careful, merciful use of it may prove to the rebels a warning at once and a rebuke. If traitors are deprived of their property, and all loyal men indemnified, and no outrages permitted, a lesson of the real intention of the North may be taught, and a significant indication of its fearful power be afforded." * * * *

—A little later, the same correspondent adds:

"This account of the feelings of the blacks, and of the attempt of the South Carolinians to compel them to accompany their masters (by shooting them) has been confirmed in various quarters, and tallies exactly with what I was told yesterday by some negroes whom I saw at Seabrook, a hamlet about six miles from Hilton Head. At that place some two hundred negroes had gathered during the day, and continued to come in until long after I had left at nightfall. They were men, women, and children, and of all ages. All reported the same story, and told it without any apparent concert. They came from across Skull Creek, which divides Hilton Island from the main land; many were from the Pinckney estate, but they came from several plantations, and agreed that their masters had endeavored to take them along in the flight that seems to be general in the whole neighborhood. The negroes, however, assured me that they refused to fly, and in several instances the white men shot at them. I heard of two blacks who were wounded. The rest were indignant; they declared that all would come in to the National forces who could get away; and that none would accompany their masters unless absolutely forced. They manifested the greatest elation at their escape, and like those whom I first questioned, the day after the fight, declared that the whole black population had long expected the coming of the Yankees, and were everywhere anxious to hurry to our lines. There was a jubilee last night in the negro quarters at Seabrook, dancing and singing around fires that they built, and inside of the captured Fort Walker a religious meeting was held and thanks offered to God for their deliverance. A hundred or more are already at work landing the cargoes of the vessels, or assisting in whatever labors are assigned them. There can be no doubt that the negro question is destined immediately to assume in this quarter proportions and aspects utterly unlike any that it has presented elsewhere. The blacks throughout the State will desert their masters wherever our army appears, and if those masters are so insane as to attempt coercion, results appalling to contemplate must ensue. No shadow of inducement has thus far been held out to the slaves by the National forces. They have come to us without any invitation; they express a willingness to work; they have already given valuable information, acted as guides, and in the labors to which they are put will prove of prodigious assistance. But the utter and speedy annihilation of slavery in South Carolina seems as certain as that these infatuated secessionists continue to hold out against our arms."

—But *The Herald* ("Saul also among the prophets") outdoes all other "incendiary" journals in the premises. Here is an extract from its correspondent's letter, dated Hilton Head, Nov. 14:

"Contraband slaves still flock into the camps, and at once find profitable employment and plenty to eat from Uncle Sam's representatives. It is highly amusing to see these poor creatures, after their day's work, give expressions of their exuberant spirits at the change in their condition *from that of the animal to that of the human being.* At night groups of them gather together; they dance, sing, and otherwise enjoy themselves, and *seem grateful to our troops for their unexpected delivery from the hands of their tyrant masters.*"

—Is not this atrocious? What can *The Herald* mean by "agitating the nigger question" in such a reckless, dangerous manner? Has it not a thousand times assured its readers that those "tyrant masters" were the excellent of the earth, whom every slave loved as the apple of his eye, and whom he could by no lure be induced to abandon? Yet here it talks of their change "from the condition of the animal to that of the human being," and represents them as overjoyed at the transmutation! Can such "incendiary" babble be tolerated? Should not the old sinner of *The Herald* have a snug berth in that Fort Lafayette to which he is so eager to hurry all who favor abolition?

Port Royal Correspondence of The Times.

There are about one thousand negroes about us, most of them anxious to reach the fort, while others prefer to remain on the main land. For "master's" plantation—"de ole plantation"—they have an affection, and some we had secured for our own service, on good wages, sigh for home, where they have one. So strong does this sentiment prevail in the human breast, we have the evidence of a few—only a few—that slavery will be accepted to a strange land and perfect liberty. Wonderful! If we hold our position—and we don't allow "ifs" down here—the slaves will gladly join us; but if we are to loose our hold, the poor nigger has got to come along or be left behind a prisoner among his old masters again—which he don't exactly like. They are, most emphatically, on a high and difficult fence—afraid to jump either way, for something *may* be hurt. *We are told*, and we believe, that the owners are shooting their negroes, all who are disposed to join us. The negroes themselves say this. About 300 are on this island now. Lieut. H. reports to me, the best breakfast he ever sat down to, certainly since leaving New York, was enjoyed under the shade of an orange tree, and was cooked by a big negress in the open air for him. Cover for one was raised, and chicken broiled, chicken stewed, rice, hominy, and hoe-cake, with sweet potatoes fresh dug from massa's garden. The negroes have their cabins filled with smuggled goods, rice, pork, meal, hominy, and hard bread. They went into their deserted masters' houses, and stole therefrom every conceivable article of clothing they could lay hands on. Out of one parcel their kindness produced, came a rich silk opera cloak, that never cost less than $50 or $75, and a lace fringe half a yard wide attached, of the finest and most costly sort. Extravagant embroidery and laces generally were produced; also two rich silk wrappers, and two silk dresses, made up fine and fashionable—fit for a first-class bridal drapery. The woman who was so considerate of these things, said her mistress gave them to her on her wedding-day. They were permitted, or instructed to return them, as he (Lieut. H.) had not come to deprive anyone of such wares.

Last night I listened to the negroes in a prayer meeting. After a wild melody of some musical composition, slow and solemn, with a deep, long-drawn, nasal intonation, they "blessed de Lord dey had privileges" now they never thought to enjoy, and hoped the time would soon come when the armies of the North would come South, and turn and overturn till every bondman should be free. The deep religious sentiment of the negroes is marked, and sticks out in their meetings, but, like the Hindoos, they pray and then steal. They are a good deal alarmed about how all this is coming out, but contented to await the dictation of the Lord, whom they address as "Sir," and acknowledge *His* hand in everything, even in stealing.

We have a very nice sort of a woman for laundress and attendant; she lost her child by the rebels running off with it, which causes her to mourn in drowsy songs all by herself. Her musings are doleful enough, and yet, at times, charming. She is in her small tent, satisfied that it is all right; but if only her *chile* could come back! She fought her way clear when the rebels ran, and tried hard to keep her seven-year-old.

Correspondence of The Herald.

Steamer Susquehanna, off Charleston, Nov. 3.—This morning, at daylight, a small boat came along side, containing three young contrabands, who had made their escape from Sullivan's Island during the night. They state that large numbers of negroes have been brought in from the surrounding country to assist in defending the place against the great expedition, which they fear is intended for Charleston.

Correspondence of The Philadelphia Press.

On our way to the beach we met one of the negroes. He was a regular grinner, and showed his ivories to perfection. I asked him if he was in the fight. Oh golly, said he, I wer dat. Well, what do you think of it? As near as I can remember his words, the following was his answer: Well, Massa, I neber see a ship before, and when she come up dis way de General say to my marsa, Now, Gen. Drayton, you look at us sink dat Warbash. Well, marsa he set down, den some more gentlemen dey come from up de riber to see de ship sunk too. Well, bime-by de Fort Warbash sent one of dem tings she has in her what makes a howling in de fort and make an awful noise here too, and den breaks off in pieces (a shell) and flies all around. Dis frighten dem some; den a good many ob em cum togeder, and, oh golly, Massa jump and run for his horse, he drop his sword, dis nigger had no time to pick em up, but he gets on his hos too and follows massa. Dem things howled on dat Fort Wabash, den dey come ober here and howl and break up and smoke and throw de iron all about like as if de debil was in em. Bime-by, when we got in de woods, Marsa and I stop for to look, but dem debils dat de Fort Warbash fotch here make so much smoke on dis shore dat we could not see noting. Arter a little while den all de people dat come to see de ship sink come galloping up to de woods; bime-by one ob dem smoke ball brake close to em, and oh golly, didn't dem hosses run, and den Marse he run too, but dis nigger got behind de house, and arter a while all de whole army—soldiers, horse, and ebry one—come running, but dis nigger stowed away and let em pass.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

The negroes were giving new evidences every day of a decided change in heart, as well as improvement in their condition. One of them who came alongside of the Baltic was dressed in a superfine suit, which, he said, formerly "'longed to massa, but that gem'an having quit, he had 'sumed the style to prevent moths eating it up." The same negro was poorly shod. He professed great piety, and insisted upon shouting "thanks to the good Lord that he now enjoyed 'ligion as he never did before." He was profoundly displeased because, somehow, "massa had 'prived him of his faithful Bet" (his third wife). He left, saying, "Good day, massa, I bring a fat turkey to-morrow."

"OLE VIRGINNY."

Correspondence of The Tribune.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 19.

Since the arrival of the large number of negroes two weeks ago—upwards of one hundred in three days—few have come in, though extensive preparations were making among the negroes to follow those who had gone before them. This is owing, probably, to the execution of the purpose among slave-owners to destroy the boats accessible to the negroes along the river and inlets of the Chesapeake, its tributaries, and James River. But they will come. The destruction of them may interpose obstacles, and delay their departure; but the negro will find means to make his escape, for if he has a talent for anything it is for running away. It must be confessed that he could not have a much stronger motive than the purpose which is said to exist in Virginia, to sell the negroes to the South—a purpose arising from the necessity on the part of the owners to raise the wind, and the growing insecurity of that description of property. Reckoning negroes by the former tariff of slaves, Gen. Wool must now have several millions of this kind of property. As yet I have not seen or heard of any proclamations, addresses, or other public declarations in this department on the subject. The practice is simple, straight-forward, and quite sufficient for reasonable men. All who come are received, clothed, fed and maintained in a generous, just and systematic manner; the negroes are made to work, receive $10 per month, beside rations—$2 in cash; the rest, over and above the cost of their clothing, goes into a common fund to support those who cannot work. Nothing is said about the future; nobody is particularly exercised about what is to become of the negroes. Everything goes on smoothly, and each day is doing something to solve the problem so interesting, and so liable to be interfered with by doing too much, especially in the way of proclamations and the like. I submit whether a better plan can be devised for treating the negro question than this. It will work equally well elsewhere. Let practical men treat it as a practical question—a problem, in the solution of which its natural gravitation ought to satisfy all fair-minded men.

Correspondence of The Independent.

SLAVES CONTINUE TO RUN from rebel masters into our lines. Hundreds have already attempted to cross the Potomac over to the Maryland shore, where our troops are quartered, and many have been drowned in the attempt. Of late the army officers have been very careful how they outrage the sentiment of the people of the country by returning negro slaves. Congress is so near its winter session that a few cases, such as crept into the papers two or three months ago, of slaves being returned to their masters escorted by a file of soldiers, would insure positive prohibitory legislation on the subject. It is thought that if there is any danger of a further use of the army hereafter to return fugitive slaves to their masters, in direct violation of the theory of the Constitution upon which Mr. Lincoln was elected, Congress will pass a law forbidding any such acts by military officers. Congress will find it necessary or prudent to legislate on several subjects connected with the slavery question. The Confiscation Act has proved to be a failure, and a new bill will be framed which will go to the root of the matter.

From a Richmond paper.

About forty negroes escaped on Saturday night, while the United States troops were at Mathias Point, and were carried off by the enemy on Monday morning. Among those losing are the following: Ten servants belonging to the estate of the late R. H. Montgomery; eight to Henry Gouldman; four to W. D. Watson; five to Fielding Lewis; one to Dr. Hunter; a number belonging to H. M. Tennant; some belonging to Mrs. M. C. Stuart; one belonging to Mr. Coleman, of Spotsylvania, hired, we suppose, in King George. The County of King George has lost, since the war, at least one hundred negroes, whose aggregate value is not less than $100,000.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1861.

About seventy-five fugitive slaves, which had taken refuge from Virginia on board the lower Potomac flotilla, were brought up to the Navy Yard and landed to-day. What to do with them is the all-important question at the Navy Yard. Heretofore a goodly number have been placed in various situations to work for the government, but such places are now entirely filled. The scene presented at the Navy Yard this morning was somewhat peculiar for a Southern city. Seventy or eighty fugitive slaves were ranged on the sunny side of the buildings fronting the river, asking for work, place and shelter. They report that all the attempts of the slaveholding rebels to conceal the cause of the war from the negroes is a failure. The slaves see through the attempts, and so far as they can, escape to our lines or our steamers on the river. Slaves are being driven into the interior from along the river and the coast. Prices range very low, and few will buy at all, as the risk in the future is considered to be so great. In spite of all precautions, "contrabands" continue to arrive and bring in important news of the enemy.

THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Oct. 30.

A slave named Peter—an active, intelligent man, though black as Erebus—arrived here yesterday from the rebel army, after a somewhat peculiar experience. Peter is the joint property of Capt. Vaughan, a rebel in Price's army, and Capt. Bigby, a staunch Union citizen of this town. When Vaughan was leaving for the South, two weeks ago, he insisted upon taking *his half* of the chattel Peter along with him for a body servant. Capt. Bigby, of course, objected; but Vaughan had the power on his side, and carried away the negro. Peter, however, being, like all the slaves, on the Union side, found means to send to Capt. Bigby that he would embrace the first opportunity to run away and return to him; and surely enough, at noon yesterday, he was back again, with a horse, which he had ridden, without saddle, bridle, blanket or spur—guiding him by a rope halter—all the way from Price's camp at Neosho, *more than eighty miles distant*, since dusk on the previous evening! It would be difficult to find a match for this in all the instances of hard riding under adverse circumstances.

If half the reports which we receive from Lane's command are true, it will require several more modifications of Gen. Fremont's proclamation to make the Kansas boys respect the inalienable right of secessionists to hold the negro in bondage. A friend who has just returned from Lane's brigade informs me that there were 150 negroes with it, and was told there that one hundred had been sent to Kansas a few days before. As for this command, it is remarkable that negro servants are a good deal more numerous than they were when we left St. Louis; and I have not heard as yet of Gen. Fremont's engaging in the business of slave-catching. Yesterday morning a secessionist came into our camp, and claimed a negro who is acting as body servant to Col. Owen Lovejoy of the staff—which was about as near the climax of absurdity as it is possible to arrive. Col. Lovejoy quietly advised him to leave the camp by the shortest possible road—and the gentleman left! "I would return a slave—certainly"—remarked the Colonel afterward—"if I found any man who *owned* him."

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 9.

There has been a great stampede of the negroes within the last two days, and Gen. Hunter has been visited by many citizens, in most cases Union men, clamorous for his assistance in reclaiming them. He gives them written permission to search through all our camps, and take their slaves if they can find them; but I have not yet heard of an instance in which one has been found. It is reported that he administered a severe reprimand to Lane yesterday for his proceedings in regard to negroes; but I do not place much confidence in the rumor. It is certain, however, that in the absence of any instructions from the government upon the perplexing question, the Commanding-General feels greatly embarrassed. Whether Gen. Hunter did rebuke Lane as reported or not, he was exceedingly surprised this morning to find that every slave in the Chambers House, where his headquarters were located, had decamped during the night. They were five in number, who all mysteriously disappeared, bag and baggage; and it is more than probable that the places which once knew them shall know them no more forever.

It is not unreasonable that loyal men, who have suffered for their devotion to the Union, should feel aggrieved at the loss of their negroes by our army, but if Congress shall compensate them, as Lane contemplates, it will be pecuniarily advantageous to them; for slaves which readily commanded a thousand dollars in Missouri a year ago, could not now be sold for two hundred. It is noticeable that the bereaved masters always say, "Our slaves have been run off," it seems impossible for them to comprehend that a negro can ever leave them of his own free will. I recollect hearing Wilson Shannon, whilom Governor of Kansas under Franklin Pierce, once announce to a jury as a very profound and startling discovery, that in living for twenty years near the border of Virginia, he had learned that niggers would sometimes actually run away "of their own volition!" Slave holders of South-West Missouri have not yet arrived at that stage of intelligence, judging from their conversation. But one thing is certain, the rebels in this State hold Lane in more dread than they do all our other commanders combined. He is a very raw head and bloody bones to them. They also regard Siegel with wholesome terror.

Correspondence of The Herald.

The negroes seem to relish the present condition of affairs very much. The military excitement possesses great charms for them. They sew yellow stripes to their pants as a sort of uniform, and fancy themselves thoroughpaced soldiers. Those who remain on the plantations are delighted, because their labor is not so irksome and continuous as it used to be, and the rigor of the overseer has been relaxed. Those employed on the fortifications do their work cheerfully, incited to it by the raw-head and bloody-bone stories about the terrible Yankee Abolitionists, which they think something worse than cholera or yellow fever. They are told that the war is to defend them, and to keep them from being sold into Cuba. The negroes in the cities, towns, and border States, know better than to give credence to such stories, but not so the field hands in the cotton States.

There are no apprehensions of a servile insurrection entertained, nor is there a thought bestowed upon the subject. The only danger is from the mass of negroes that have been sent from the border States into the interior of the Gulf States. These are generally hard cases, and calculated to spread mutiny and dissatisfaction among their more ignorant and innocent fellow-victims. Still it will take some time for their influence to be manifested. The negroes from the northern border of Tennessee are being daily sent South.

Correspondence of The World.

NOLIN, Ky., Nov. 7.

There are now between one and two dozen slaves in our camp. They have come up from the region of Bowling Green, having most of them fled for fear of being pressed into the rebel service as soldiers. It is understood that drafting has already commenced in Kentucky, and the rebel masters are turning out their "contrabands" as substitutes. Hitherto the number of slaves who have sought the protection of the Federal camp has been small, and in every case, I believe, the Provost Marshal has returned them. Those who are now coming in, however, he is putting to work, leaving the question of their ultimate disposal to Gen. Sherman.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

From The Evening Post.

OUR readers will recall the amusing description which the late John H. Stephens, the traveller, gave of his efforts to find a certain Central American government, to which he was accredited in some capacity. He roved through all the mountains, ran up all the rivers, tumbled over all the ruins, before he succeeded, if he did succeed, in finding the vagrant authorities he sought. Gen. Sherman seems to have had some of the same trouble in finding a person to whom he could read his late proclamation, drawn up with so much care for the benefit of the loyal cause.

He sent an expedition first to Beaufort, and afterwards further into the interior, to discover the much needed audience; they beat every bush; gazed round the corner of every cotton shed; peered into the closets; looked sharply under the beds; and sailed hither and thither on all the creeks and inlets; but no white man appeared to read the proclamation or to hear it read. At length, when the party had penetrated far into the interior, they caught sight of the flying tails of a clergyman's coat, which they hardly overtook, and then met two officers of the rebel army, who appeared to behave themselves like gentlemen, in all respects, save that they would not listen to the proclamation, while they averred, as might have been expected, that there was not a soul in the State at all curious as to the document. The expedition, therefore, carried it back to its authors.

Gen. Sherman, we think, was on the wrong tack. All the while that his men were so diligently seeking out loyalists there were thousands of them crowding the shores who would have been very glad to hear his speech. The poor blacks who refused to run away from the loyal forces, although their masters threatened to shoot them if they did not; who had nothing to fear from the arms of the government; who stood ready to lend the use of their muscles in throwing up entrenchments; and who will be used in a hundred ways in advancing the good cause; these would have listened willingly to the eloquent words of loyalty from the lips of the commander. On entering a hostile territory to begin war operations, one of the first duties of a General is to look up his friends, and having found these, he will be able to deal more effectually with his enemies.

From The Tribune.

It is certain that there are quite as many Union men in South Carolina as there are slaves, that is to say, 403,000 out of 704,000 of the whole population, or more than a hundred thousand majority. We trust that this vast loyal majority is not to be utterly ignored in favor of the minority, double-dyed as the latter is in treason and rebellion.

"NEW LORDS, NEW LAWS."

From The Tribune.

GEN. FREMONT'S Missouri Proclamation having been "modified," and the General himself suppressed, Gen. Hunter is sent to K

recruited in strength, they will renew the war for the subjugation of the United States, and make conquered provinces of the middle States, and "Massachusetts we will lay waste." You have got to fight! and there is "no retreat but in submission and slavery." Are you prepared for that debasement? if so, you are truly what the rebels say you are—*cowards!* Americans, are you cowards? Many say that we will be obliged to succumb to the rebels, for we will have war with England; well, then, if England is determined to wage war against us out of envy and jealousy, let us fight on more determinedly, and, if we fall, let us die in glory, and not in cowardly shame! Let the last days of a great, prosperous and glorious republic be worthy of its previous history. Let its dying agonies be terrible and grand. Respectfully,

JAS. WILLIAMS,
Formerly of Dresden, Weakley Co., Tenn.

CAN THIS BE SO?

From The Tribune.

The following statement reaches us from a highly respectable source:

"At a late skirmish near Romney, Virginia, a party of our men were forced to retreat, leaving a corporal and two privates so hard pressed that they had to secrete themselves in the bushes to escape death or capture. In this situation they were discovered by two slaves, belonging to a violent secessionist in the vicinity. Under cover of night these faithful fellows managed to conduct our three men safely to our camp, where all were received with joy and surprise. The negroes were kindly treated and duly fed and protected. When, some time after, Brig.-Gen. Kelly, of Western Virginia, came to the camp and assumed command, the circumstances were related to him, and the negroes commended to his notice. *Instead of treating them with honor and assuring them of his protection, he immediately handed them over to the tender mercies of the traitor-villain who claimed to own them.*"

Let us have an explanation of this affair, and know whether and how far our correspondent has been misinformed. We do not believe that Gen. Kelly has been guilty of the conduct here attributed to him. But let us know the truth.

From The Evening Post.

The Tribune doubts whether the above statement is true; but we may confirm it so far as this, that the same story has been told to us by a Unionist of Western Maryland, than whom no one has done more for the salvation of his State, and who heard it from one of our own officers. It makes the blood of every humane man run cold to think that such an atrocious injustice could have been committed. These poor blacks should have been given their freedom and adorned with medals, as having performed a service to the republic; the old Romans, and our own fathers, would have honored them in that manner; but we have been so besotted by the influences of slavery that we surrender them to the very men who are trying to cut our throats.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

MR. SUMNER having kindly furnished us with a copy of his speech on "THE REBELLION, ITS ORIGIN AND MAINSPRING," in advance of its delivery in this city, we are enabled to lay it before our readers this week. We are sure they will not think it too long, though it fills so much of our space as to compel us to defer several important articles intended for insertion in this number. Among the articles so deferred are letters from Harriet Martineau, Richard D. Webb, and our Boston Occasional Correspondent; but they will not lose their interest by a week's delay.

"The Rebellion, its Origin and Mainspring."

SPEECH

OF

HON. CHARLES SUMNER,

Before the Young Men's Republican Union of New York, November 27th, 1861.

MR. PRESIDENT: It gives me much pleasure to be welcomed by the Republican Union, first, as you represent the young men, who are the hope and strength of the country, and, secondly, as you constitute an association which has already rendered signal service in saving the country from the rule of the Slave Oligarchy. It was under your auspices that our candidate for the Presidency, known and honored in Illinois, became equally known and honored in New York. Nor is it too much to say that the masterly speech which he made at your invitation in this very hall was needed to complete those titles to regard which caused his nomination at Chicago and his election by the people. It was he who did the work; but you supplied the opportunity.

Fellow-citizens of New York: In the presence of such an audience, so genial and almost so festive in character—assembled for no purpose of party or even of politics, in the ordinary sense of that term—I incline naturally to some topic of literature—of history—of science—of art—to something at least which makes for Peace. But at this moment, when our whole continent is beginning to shake with the tread of mustering armies, the voice refuses any such theme. The ancient poet, longing to sing of Achilles and the house of Atreus, found that he could only sing of love—and he snatched from his lyre its bloody string. Alas! for me the case is all changed. I can speak to you only of War; but do not forget that if I speak of War it is because unhappily War has become to us the only way of Peace.

The Present is too apt to appear trivial and unimportant, while the Past and the Future are grand. Rarely do men know the full significance of the period in which they live, and we are all inclined to sigh for something better in the way of opportunity—such as was given to the hero of the Past, or such as our imagination allots to the better hero of the Future. But there is no occasion for such repining now. There is nothing in the Past—and it is difficult to imagine anything in the Future—more inspiring than our Present. Even with the curtain yet slightly lifted, it is easy to see that events are now gathering, which, in their development, must constitute the third great epoch in the history of this Western Hemisphere—the first being its discovery by Christopher Columbus, and the second being the American Revolution. And it now remains to be seen if this epoch of ours may not surpass in grandeur either of its two predecessors, so that the fame of the Discoverer and the fame of the Liberator—of Columbus and of Washington—may be eclipsed by the mild effulgence beaming from an act of God-like Justice, which, within its immediate influence, will create a new heaven and a new earth, while in other lands its life-giving example will be felt—so long as men struggle for rights denied; so long as any human being wears a chain.

War is always an epoch. Unhappily history counts by wars. Of these some have been wars of ideas—like that between the Catholics and Huguenots in France; between the Catholics and Protestants in Germany; between the arbitrary Crown of Charles I. and the Puritanism of Oliver Cromwell; and like that between our Fathers and the Mother Country, when the Declaration of Independence was put in issue. Some have originated in questions of form; some in the contentions of families; some in the fickleness of princes, and some in the machinations of politicians. England waged war on Holland, and one of the reasons openly assigned was an offensive picture in the Town Hall of Amsterdam. France hurled her armies across the Rhine, carrying fire and slaughter into the Palatinate, and involving great nations in a most bloody conflict, and all this wickedness has been traced to the intrigue of a Minister, who sought in this way to divert the attention of his Sovereign. But we are now in the midst of a War, which, whatever may be the reasons assigned by the unhappy men who began it, or by those who sympathize with them elsewhere, has an Origin and Mainspring so clear and definite as to be beyond question. Ideas are sometimes good and sometimes bad; and there may be a war for Evil as well as for Good. Such was that earliest Rebellion waged by the fallen spirits against the Almighty Throne; and such also is that now waged by the fallen Slave-masters of our Republic against the National Government.

If you will kindly listen, I shall now endeavor to unmask this Rebellion, in its Origin and Mainspring. It is only when these are known that you can determine how the Rebellion is to be treated. Your efforts will naturally be governed by the character of the adverse force—whether regarded as a motive-power or as a disease. A steam-engine is stopped at once by stopping the steam. A ghastly cancer, which has grappled the very fibres of the human frame and shot its poison through every vein, will not yield to lip-salve or rose-water.

> Diseases desperate grown
> By desperate appliances are relieved,
> Or not at all. ——

On the 6th of November last the people of the United States, acting in pursuance of the Constitution and laws, chose Abraham Lincoln President. Of course this choice was in every particular completely constitutional and legal. As such it was entitled to the respect and acquiescence of every good citizen. It is vain to say, that the candidate represented opinions obnoxious to a considerable section of the country, or that he was chosen by votes confined to a special section. It is enough that he was duly chosen. You cannot set aside or deny such an election without assailing not only the whole frame-work of the Constitution, but also the primal principle of American Institutions. You become a traitor at once to the existing government, and also to the very idea of popular rule. You snatch a principle from the red book of Despotism, and openly substitute the cartridge-box for the ballot-box.

And yet, scarcely had this intelligence been flashed across the country before the mutterings of sedition and treason began to reach us from the opposite quarter. The Union was menaced; and here the first distinct voice came from South Carolina. A Senator from that State—one of the largest slaveholders of the country and a most strenuous partisan of Slavery—Mr. Hammond—openly declared, in language not easily forgotten, that before the 18th December South Carolina would be "out of the Union high and dry forever." These words heralded the outbreak. With the pertinacity of demons its leaders pushed forward. Their avowed object was the dismemberment of the Republic by detaching State after State, in order to found a slaveholding Confederacy. And here the clearest utterance came from a late Representative of Georgia—Mr. Stephens—now Vice-President of the rebel States, who did not hesitate to proclaim "that the foundations of the new government are laid upon the great truth, that Slavery—subordination to the superior race—is the negro's natural and normal condition; that it is the first government in the history of the world, based upon this great, physical, philosophical and moral truth; and that the stone which was rejected by the first builders is in the new edifice become *the chief stone of the corner.*" Here is a savage frankness which shows an insensibility to shame. Surely the object avowed is hideous in every aspect, whether we regard it as treason to our paternal government, as treason to the idea of American Institutions, or as treason also to those commanding principles of economy, morals and Christianity, without which Civilization is changed into Barbarism.

And now we stand face to face in deadly conflict with this double-headed, triple-headed treason. Beginning with those States most peculiarly interested in Slavery, and operating always with an intensity proportioned to the prevalence of Slavery—it has fastened upon other States less interested—Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia—and with difficulty has been prevented from enveloping every State containing Slaves—no matter how few; for such is the malignant poison of Slavery that only a few slaves will constitute a Slave State with all the sympathies and animosities of Slavery. This is the Rebellion which I am to unmask. But bad as it is on its face, it becomes aggravated when we consider its origin and the agencies by which it has been conducted. It is not merely a Rebellion; but it is a Rebellion begun in Conspiracy; nor in all history, ancient or modern, is there any record of Conspiracy so vast and so wicked, ranging over such spaces both of time and territory, and contemplating such results. A conspiracy to seize a castle or to assassinate a prince is petty by the side of this enormous protracted treason, where half a continent studded with castles, fortresses and public edifices, is seized—where the Government itself is overthrown, and where the President, on his way to the national Capital, narrowly escaped a most cruel assassination.

But no conspiracy could have ripened into such wicked fruit, if it were not rooted in a soil of congenial malignity. To appreciate properly this influence, we must go back to the beginning of the Government.

South Carolina, which has taken so forward a part in this treason, hesitated originally, as is well known, with regard to the Declaration of Independence. Once her vote was recorded against that act; and when it finally prevailed, her vote was given for it only formally and for the sake of seeming unanimity. But so little was she inspired by the Declaration, that, in the contest which ensued, her Commissioners made a proposition to the British Commander, which has been properly characterized by an able historian as "equivalent to an offer from the State to return to the British Crown." The same hesitation shown with regard to the Declaration of Independence was renewed with regard to the Federal Constitution; and here it was shared by another State. It is notorious that both South Carolina and Georgia, which, with the States carved out of their original territory—Alabama and Mississippi—constitute the chief seat of the Conspiracy, hesitated to become parties to the Union, and stipulated expressly for the recognition of the slave trade in the Federal Constitution as an indispensable condition. In the Convention, Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, while opposing a tax on the importation of slaves, said: "The true question at present is, *whether Southern States* shall or shall not be parties to the Union." Mr. Pinckney, also of South Carolina, followed with the unblushing declaration: "South Carolina can never receive the plan (of the Constitution) *if it prohibits the slave trade.*" I quote now from Mr. Madison's authentic report of these important debates. (See Elliot's Debates, Vol. V., p. 457.) With shame let it be confessed, that, instead of repelling this disgraceful overture our Fathers submitted to it, and in that submission you will find the beginning of our present sorrows. The slave trade, whose aggregate iniquity no tongue can tell, was placed for twenty years under the safeguard of the Constitution, thus giving to Slavery itself increase, support, and sanction. The language was modest, but the intent was complete. South Carolina and Georgia were pacified and took their places in the Union, to which they were openly bound only by a most revolting tie. Regrets for the Past are not entirely useless if out of them we get wisdom for the Future and learn to be brave. It is easy now to see that had the unnatural pretension of these States been originally encountered by a stern resistance worthy of an honest people, the present Conspiracy would have been crushed before it saw the light. Its whole success, from its distant beginning down to this hour, has been from our timidity.

But there was also another sentiment, of a kindred perversity, which prevailed in the same quarter. This is vividly portrayed by John Adams in a letter to Gen. Gates, dated at Philadelphia, 23d March, 1776:

"However, my dear friend Gates, all our misfortunes arise from a single source, *the resistance of the Southern Colonies to Republican Government.*" . . . (John Adams's Works, Vol. I., p. 207.)

And he proceeds to declare in strong language that "popular principles and axioms were abhorrent to the inclinations of the barons of the South." This letter was written in the early days of the Revolution. At a later period of his life John Adams testifies again to the discord between the North and the South; and he refers particularly to the period after the Federal Constitution, saying: "The Northern and the Southern States were invariably fixed in opposition to each other." (See Letter to James Lloyd, 11 February, 1815, John Adams's Works, Vol. X., p. 19.) This was before any question of Tariff, or of Free Trade, or before the growing fortunes of the North had awakened Southern jealousy. The whole opposition had its root in Slavery—as also had the earlier resistance to Republican Government.

In the face of these influences the Union was formed; but the seeds of Conspiracy were latent in its bosom. The spirit already revealed was scarcely silenced; it was not destroyed. It still existed, rankling, festering, burning to make itself manifest. At the mention of Slavery it always appeared full-armed with barbarous pretensions. Even in the first Congress under the Constitution—at the presentation of that famous petition where Benjamin Franklin simply called upon Congress to step to the verge of its powers to discourage every species of traffic in our fellow-men—this spirit broke forth in violent threats. With a kindred lawlessness it early embraced that extravagant dogma of State Rights which has been ever since the convenient cloak of treason and of conspiracy. At the Missouri Question, in 1820, it openly menaced a dissolution of the Union. Instead of throttling the monster, we submitted to feed it with new concessions. Meanwhile, the Conspiracy grew, until, at last, in 1830, under the influence of Mr. Calhoun, it assumed the defiant front of Nullification; nor did it yield to the irresistible logic of Webster or the stern will of Jackson without a Compromise. The pretended ground of complaint was the Tariff; but Andrew Jackson, himself a patriot slaveholder—at that time President—saw the hollowness of the complaint. In a confidential letter, which has only recently been brought to light, dated at Washington, 1st May, 1833—and which, during the last winter, I had the honor of reading and holding up before the conspirators of the Senate, in the original autograph—he says:

"The Tariff was only the *pretext*, and disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object. *The next pretext will be the negro or slavery question.*"

Jackson was undoubtedly right; but the pretext which he denounced in advance was employed so constantly afterwards as to become thread-bare. At the earliest presentation of Abolition petitions—at the Texas Question—at the Compromises of 1850—at the Kansas Question—on all these occasions the Union was threatened by the angry slave-masters.

But the Conspiracy has been unblushingly confessed by recent parties to it. Especially was this done in the rebel Convention of South Carolina.

Mr. Packer said—"Secession is no spasmodic effort that has come suddenly upon us. *It has been gradually culminating for a long series of years.*"

Mr. Inglis said—"Most of us have had this subject under consideration for *the last twenty years.*"

Mr. Keitt said—"I have been engaged in this movement *ever since I entered political life.*"

Mr. Rhett, who was in the Senate when I first entered that body and did not hesitate then to avow himself a Disunionist, said—in the same Convention, "It is nothing produced by Mr. Lincoln's election or the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave law. *It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years.*"

The Conspiracy thus exposed by Jackson and confessed by recent parties to it was quickened by the growing passion for slavery throughout the Slave States. The well-known opinions of the Fathers—the declared convictions of all who were most eminent at the foundation of the Government and the example of Washington were all discarded, and it was recklessly avowed that slavery is a divine institution—the highest type of civilization—a blessing to master and slave alike—and the very key-stone of our national arch. A generation has grown up with this teaching, so that it is now ready to say with Satan,

> Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
> Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold;
> As man ere long and this new world shall know.

It is natural that a people thus trained should listen to the voice of Conspiracy. Slavery itself is a constant Conspiracy, and its supporters, whether in the Slave States or elsewhere, easily become indifferent to all rights and principles by which it may be constrained.

But this rage for Slavery was itself quickened by two influences, which have shown themselves since the formation of our Union; one economical and the other political. The first was found in the unexpected importance of the cotton-crop, which, through the labor of slaves and the genius of a New England inventor, has passed into an extraordinary element of wealth and of imagined strength, so that we have all been summoned to do homage to cotton as King. The second of these influences was found in the temptations of political power—than which no influence is more potent—for it became obvious that this power could be assured to Slavery only through the permanent preponderance of its representatives in the Senate; so that the continued control of all offices and honors was made to depend upon the extension of slavery. Thus through two strong appetites—one for gain and the other for power—was Slavery stimulated; but the Conspiracy was strong only through Slavery.

But even this Conspiracy, thus supported and nurtured, would have been more wicked than strong, if it had not found perfidious aid in the very Cabinet of the President. The Secretary of the Treasury, a slave-master from Georgia—the Secretary of the Interior, a slave-master from Mississippi—the Secretary of War, the notorious Floyd, a slave-master from Virginia—and I fear, also, the Secretary of the Navy, who was a Northern man with Southern principles—lent their active exertions. Through these eminent functionaries the treason was organized and directed, while their important posts were prostituted to its infamy. Here, again, you see the extent of the Conspiracy. Never before in any country was there a similar crime, which embraced so many persons in the highest places of power, or which took within its grasp so large a theatre of human action. In anticipation of the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Cabinet conspirators had prepared the way for the Rebellion.

First, The Army of the United States was so far dispersed and exiled, that the Commander-in-Chief found it difficult during the recent anxious winter to bring together a thousand troops for the defence of the National Capital, menaced by the conspirators.

Secondly, The Navy was so far dispersed or dismantled, that on the 4th March, when the new Administration came into power, there were no ships to enforce the laws, collect the revenues or protect the national property in the rebel ports. Out of 72 vessels of war, then counted as our Navy, it appears that our whole available force at home was reduced to the steamer Brooklyn, carrying 25 guns, and the store-ship Relief, carrying 2 guns.

Thirdly, The Forts on the extensive Southern coast were so far abandoned by the public force that the larger part—counting upwards of 1,200 cannons and built at a cost of upwards of six million dollars—became at once an easy prey to the rebels.

Fourthly, National arms were transferred from Northern to Southern arsenals, so as to disarm the Free States and to equip the Slave States. This was done on a large scale. Upwards of 115,000 arms, of the latest and most approved pattern, were transferred from the Springfield and Watervliet arsenals to different arsenals in the Slave States, where they have been seized by the rebels. And a quarter of a million percussion muskets were sold to various Slave States for $2.50 a musket, when they were worth, it is said, on an average, $12. Large quantities of cannon, mortars, powder, ball and shell received the same direction.

Fifthly, The National Treasury, which so recently had been prosperous beyond example, was disorganized and plundered even to the verge of bankruptcy. Upwards of six millions are supposed to have been stolen, and much of this treasure doubtless went to help the work of Rebellion.

Thus even before its outbreak the Conspiracy contrived to degrade and despoil the Government, so as to secure a free course for the projected Rebellion. The story seems incredible. But it was not enough to disperse the Army—to disperse the Navy—to abandon Forts—to disarm the Free States and to rob the Treasury. The President of the United States, solemnly sworn to execute the laws, was won into a system of inactivity amounting to a practical abdication of his important trust. He saw treason plotting to stab at the heart of his country; he saw Conspiracy, daily, hourly, putting on the harness of Rebellion, but, though warned by the watchful Commander-in-Chief, he did nothing to arrest it, standing always,

> ——like a painted Jove,
> With idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Aye, more; instead of those instant lightnings, smiting and blasting in their fiery crash, which he should have hurled at the criminals, he nodded sympathy and acquiescence. No page of history is more melancholy—because nowhere do we find a ruler who so completely abandoned his country; Not Charles I. in his tyranny, not Louis XVI. in his weakness. Mr. Buchanan had been advanced to power by slave-masters, who knew well that he could be used for slavery. The slaveholding conspirators were encouraged to sit in his Cabinet, where they doubly betrayed their country, first by evil counsels and then by disclosing what passed to their distant slaveholding confederates. The sudden act of Major Anderson, in removing from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and the sympathetic response of an aroused people compelled a change of policy, and the Rebellion received its first check. It was decided at last after a painful struggle that Fort Sumter should be maintained. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of that decision, which, I believe, was due mainly to an eminent Democrat—General Cass. This at least is true: it saved the National Capital.

Meanwhile the Conspiracy increased in activity—mastering State after State, gathering its forces and building its batteries. The time had come for the tragedy to begin. "At Nothingham," says the great English historian, speaking of King Charles I., "he erected his royal standard, the open signal of discord and civil war throughout the kingdom." The same open signal now came from Charleston when the conspirators ran up the rattle-snake flag and directed their wicked cannonade upon the small, half-famished garrison of Sumter.

Were all this done in the name of revolution, or by virtue of any revolutionary principle, it would assume a familiar character. But this is not the case. It is all done under the pretence of Constitutional right. The forms of the Constitution are seized by the conspirators—as they have already seized everything else—and wrested to the purposes of treason. It is audaciously declared that, under the existing Constitution, each State, in the exercise of its own discretion, may withdraw from the Union; and this asserted right of secession is invoked as the cover for a Rebellion begun in Conspiracy. The election of Mr. Lincoln is made the *occasion* for the exercise of this pretended right. Certain opinions at the North on the subject of Slavery are made the *pretext.*

Who will not deny that this election can be a just *occasion?*

Who will not condemn the *pretext?*

But both occasion and pretext are determined by Slavery, and thus testify to the part it has constantly performed.

And the pretended right of secession is not less monstrous than the pretext or the occasion; and this too testifies to Slavery. It belongs to that brood of assumptions and perversions, of which Slavery is the prolific parent. Wherever Slavery prevails this pretended right is recognized, and generally with an intensity proportioned to the prevalence of Slavery; as, for instance, in South Carolina and Mississippi, more intensely than in Tennessee and Kentucky. It may be considered a fixed part of the slaveholding system. A pretended right to set aside the Constitution, to the extent of breaking up the government, is the natural companion of the pretended right to set aside human nature to the extent of making merchandise of men. They form a well-matched couple and travel well together—destined to perish together. If we do not overflow towards the first with the same indignation which we feel for the latter, it is because its absurdity awakens our contempt. An English poet of the last century exclaims in mocking verses,

> Crowned be the man with lasting praise,
> Who first contrived the pin,
> To loose mad horses from the chain
> And save the works within.

But this is the impossible contrivance which has been attempted. Nothing is clearer than that this pretension, if acknowledged, leaves to every State the right to play at will "the mad horse," but with very little chance of saving anything. It takes from the government not merely its unity, but even the possibility of continued existence, and reduces it to the shadow of a name, or at best a mere tenancy at will—an unsubstantial form, liable to be decomposed at the touch of a single State. Of course such an anarchical pretension—so instinct with all the lawlessness of Slavery—must be encountered peremptorily. It is not enough to declare our dissent from it. We must see that our conduct is such as not to give it any recognition or foothold.

But instead of scouting this pretension, and utterly spurning it from the Government, new concessions to Slavery were gravely propounded as the means of pacification—like a new sacrifice offered to an obscene Divinity. It was argued that in this way the Border States at least might be preserved to the Union, and some of the Cotton States, perhaps, be won back to their duty; in other words, that, in consideration of such concessions, these States would consent to waive the present exercise of the pretended right of secession. Against all such propositions—without considering their character—there was on the threshold one obvious and imperative objection. It was clear that the very bargain or understanding, whether express or implied, was a recognition of this pretended right, and that a State, yielding only to this appeal and detained through concessions, practically asserts this claim, and holds it for future exercise, *tanquam gladium in vagina.* Thus a concession, called small, becomes infinite, for it concedes the pretended right of secession and makes the permanence of the National Government impossible. Amidst all the grave responsibilities of the hour it belongs to us to take care that the life of the Republic is sacredly preserved. But this would be sacrificed at once, did we submit its existence to the conditions sought to be imposed.

But looking at the concessions proposed I have always found them utterly unreasonable and indefensible. I should not expose them now, if they did not constantly testify to the Origin and Mainspring of this Rebellion. Slavery was always the single subject-matter, and nothing else. Slavery was not only an integral part of every concession, but the single integer. The single idea was to give some new security—in some form—to Slavery. That brilliant statesman, Mr. Canning, in one of those eloquent speeches, which charm so much by the style, said that he was "tired of being a security-grinder," but his experience was not comparable to ours. "Security-grinding," in the name of Slavery, has been for years the way in which we have encountered this Conspiracy.

The propositions at the last Congress began with the President's Message, which in itself was one long concession. You do not forget his sympathetic portraiture of the disaffection throughout the Slave States, or his testimony to the cause. Notoriously and shamefully his heart was with the conspirators, and he knew intimately the mainspring of their conduct. He proposed nothing short of a general surrender to Slavery, and thus did he proclaim Slavery as the head and front—the very *causa causans*—of the whole crime.

You have not forgotten the Peace Conference—as it was delusively styled—convened at Washington on the summons of Virginia, with John Tyler in the chair, where New York as well as Massachusetts was represented by some of her ablest and most honored citizens. The sessions were with closed doors; but it is now known that, throughout the proceedings, lasting for weeks, nothing was discussed but Slavery. And the propositions finally adopted by the Convention were confined to Slavery. Forbearing all details, it will be enough to say that they undertook to give to Slavery positive protection in the Constitution, with new sanction and immunity—making it, notwithstanding the determination of our Fathers, *National* instead of *Sectional;* and even more than this, making it one of the essential and permanent parts of our Republican System. But Slavery is sometimes as deceptive as at other times it is bold; and these propositions were still further offensive from their studied uncertainty amounting to positive duplicity. At a moment when frankness was needed above all things we were treated to phrases pregnant with doubts and controversies, and were gravely asked, in the name of Slavery, to embody them in the Constitution.

There was another string of propositions, much discussed during the last winter, which bore the name of the venerable Senator from whom they came—Mr. Crittenden of Kentucky. These also related to Slavery and nothing else. They were more obnoxious even than those from the Peace Conference. And yet there were petitioners from the North—and even from Massachusetts—who prayed for this great surrender to Slavery. Considering the character of these propositions—that they sought to change the Constitution in a manner revolting to the moral sense; to foist into the Constitution the idea of property in man; to protect Slavery in all present territory south of 36° 30′ and to carry it into all territory hereafter acquired south of that line, and thus to make our beautiful Stars and Stripes in their southern march the flag of Slavery; considering that they further sought to give new constitutional securities to Slavery in the National Capital and in other places within the exclusive Federal jurisdiction; that they sought to give new constitutional securities to the transit of slaves from State to State, opening the way to a roll-call of slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill or the gates of Faneuil Hall; and that they also sought the disfranchisement of more than 10,000 of my fellow-citizens in Massachusetts, whose rights are fixed by the Constitution of that Commonwealth, drawn by John Adams; considering these things, I felt at the time, and I still feel, that the best apology of these petitioners was that they were ignorant of the true character of these propositions, and that in signing the petition they knew not what they did. But even in their ignorance they testified to Slavery, while the propositions were the familiar voice of Slavery crying, "Give, give."

There was another single proposition, which came from still another quarter, but like all the others it related exclusively to Slavery. It was to insert in the text of the Constitution a stipulation against any future amendment by which Congress might be authorized to interfere with Slavery in the States. If you read this proposition, you will find it crude and ill-shaped—a jargon of bad grammar—a jumble and hodge-podge of words—calculated to harmonize poorly with the accurate text of our Constitution. But even if tolerable in form, it was obnoxious, like the rest, as a fresh stipulation in favor of Slavery. Sufficient surely in this respect is the actual Constitution. Beyond this I cannot—I will not go. What Washington, Franklin and Jay would not insert, we cannot err in rejecting.

I do not dwell on other propositions, because they attracted less attention; and yet among these was one to overturn the glorious safeguards of Freedom set up in the Free States, known as the Personal Liberty Laws. Here again was Slavery—with a vengeance. But there is one remark which I desire to make with regard to all these propositions. It was sometimes said that the concessions they offered to Slavery were "small." What a mistake is this! No concession to Slavery can be "small." Freedom is priceless, and in this simple rule alike of morals and jurisprudence you will find the just measure of any concession, how small soever, by which Freedom is sacrificed. Tell me not that it concerns a few only. I do not forget the saying of Antiquity, that the best Government is where an injury to a single individual is resented as an injury to the whole State; nor do I forget that memorable instance of our own recent history, where, in a distant sea, the thunders of our Navy with all the hazards of war were aroused to protect the liberty of a solitary person who claimed the rights of an American citizen. By such examples let me be guided rather than by the suggestion that Human Freedom, whether in many or in few, is of so little value that it may be put in the market to appease a traitorous conspiracy or to soothe those who, without such concession, threaten to join the conspirators.

But the warnings of the Past, like the suggestions of reason and of conscience, were all against concession. Timid counsels have always been an encouragement to sedition and rebellion. If the glove be of velvet, the hand must be of iron. An eminent master of thought, in some of his most vivid works, seems to have spoken for us. Here they are:

"To expect to tranquillize and benefit a country by gratifying its agitators, would be like the practice of the superstitions of old with their sympathetic powder and ointments; who, instead of applying medicaments to the wound, contented themselves with salving the sword which had inflicted it. Since the days of Dane-gelt downwards; nay, since the world was created, nothing but evil has resulted from concession made to intimidation." (*Whately's Essays of Bacon.* Essay 15, p. 134.)

These words are most applicable to these times, when it has been so often proposed *to salve the sword of secession.*

In the same spirit spoke the most eminent practical statesman in English history, Mr. Fox. Here are his words:

"To humor the present disposition and temporize is a certain, absolutely certain confirmation of the evil. No nation ever did or ever can recover from Slavery by such methods."—*Charles James Fox, Letter to Lord Holland, 18th June,* 1804.

Pardon me if I express a regret, profound and heartfelt, that the pretensions of Slavery, whether in its claim of privilege or in its doctrine of secession, were not always encountered boldly and austerely. Alas! it is ourselves that have encouraged the Conspiracy and made it strong. Secession has become possible only through long-continued concession. In proposing concession we have encouraged secession, and while professing to uphold the Union we have betrayed it. It seems now beyond question that the concessionists of the North have from the beginning played into the hands of the secessionists of the South. I do not speak in harshness or even in criticism, but simply according to my duty in unfolding historically the agencies, conscious and unconscious, which have been at work, while I hold them up as a warning for the Future. They all testify to Slavery, which from the earliest days has been at the bottom of the Conspiracy and also at every stage of the efforts to arrest it. It was Slavery which fired the Conspirators, and Slavery also which entered into every proposition of Compromise. Secession and concession both had their root in Slavery.

And now after this review, I am brought again to the significance of that Presidential election with which I began. The slave-masters entered into that election with Mr. Breckinridge as their candidate, and their platform claimed constitutional protection for Slavery in all territories, whether now belonging to the Republic or hereafter acquired. This concession was the ultimatum on which was staked their continued loyalty to the Union—as the continuance of the slave trade had been the original condition on which South Carolina and Georgia had entered into the Union. And the reason, though wicked, was obvious. It was because without such opportunity of expansion Slavery would be stationary, while the Free States, increasing in number, would obtain a fixed preponderance in the National Government, assuring to them the political power. Thus at that election the banner of the slave-masters had for its open device—not the Union as it is; but the extension and perpetuation of Human Bondage. The popular vote was against further concession, and the conspirators proceeded with their crime. The *occasion* so long sought had come. The *pretext*, foreseen by Jackson, was the motive-power.

But here mark well, that, in their whole conduct, the Conspirators acted naturally under the instincts implanted by Slavery; nay, they acted logically even. *Such is Slavery, that it cannot exist unless where it owns the government.* An injustice so plain can find protection only from a government which is a reflection of itself. Cannibalism cannot exist except under a government of cannibals. Idolatry cannot exist except under a government of idolators. And Slavery cannot exist except under a government of slave-masters. This is positive, universal truth—at Petersburg, Constantinople, Timbuctoo, or Washington. The slave-masters of our country saw that they were dislodged from the National Government, and straightway they rebelled. The Republic which they could no longer rule they determined to ruin.

But though thus audaciously wicked, they are not strong in numbers. The whole quantity of slave-owners, great and small, according to the recent census, is not more than four hundred thousand; out of whom there are not more than one hundred thousand, who are interested to any considerable extent in this peculiar species of property; and yet this petty oligarchy—itself controlled by a squad still more petty—in a population of many millions has aroused and organized this gigantic Rebellion. But this success is explained by two considerations. First, the asserted value of the slaves, reaching to the enormous sum-total of two thousand million of dollars, constitutes an overpowering property interest—one of the largest in the world; to which may be added the intensity and unity of purpose naturally belonging to the representatives of such a sum-total, stimulated by the questionable character of the property. But, secondly, it is a phenomenon attested by the history of revolutions, that all such movements—at least in their early days—are controlled by minorities. This is because a revolutionary minority once embarked has before it only the single simple path of unhesitating action. While others doubt or hold back, the minority strikes and goes forward. Audacity then counts more than numbers, and crime counts more than virtue. This phenomenon has been observed before. "Often have I reflected with awe," says Coleridge, "on the great and disproportionate power which an individual of no extraordinary talents or attainments may exert by merely throwing off all restraint of conscience. * * The abandonment of all *principle of right* enables the soul to choose and act upon a *principle of wrong*, and to subordinate to this one principle all the various vices of human nature." (*Coleridge's Friend*, Essay 16.) These are remarkable words. But a French writer, Condorcet, the philosopher of the French Revolution, who sealed his principles by his death, urged this very phenomenon for a practical purpose. In a pamphlet addressed to the Parliamentary Reformers of England, he sought to enlist them in a revolutionary movement, and, by way of encouragement, he boldly announces that "revolutions must always be the work of the minority—that every revolution has been the work of a minority—that the French Revolution itself was accomplished by the minority." And Brissot de Warville, another partaker and victim also in this great Revolution, declared that it was carried by not more than twenty men. These declarations were made the subject of a debate shortly afterwards in the British Parliament, where Sheridan bore a brilliant part. They are most suggestive—even if they do not explain the early success of our conspirators. The future historian will record that the present Rebellion—notwithstanding its protracted origin, the multitudes it has enlisted and its extensive sweep—was at last precipitated by fewer than twenty men; Mr. Everett says by as few as ten. It is certain that thus far it has been the triumph of a minority; but of a minority moved, inspired, combined and aggrandized by Slavery.

And now this traitorous minority, putting aside all the lurking, slimy devices of Conspiracy, steps forth in the full panoply of War. Assuming to itself all the functions of Government, it organizes States under a common head—sends ambassadors into foreign countries—levies taxes—borrows money—issues letters of marque—and sets armies in the field summoned from distant Georgia, Louisiana and Texas, as well as from nearer Virginia, and composed of the whole lawless population—the poor who cannot own slaves as well as the rich who own them—throughout the extensive region where, with Satanic grasp, this slaveholding minority claims for itself

> —— ample room and verge enough
> The characters of hell to trace.

Pardon the language which I employ. The words of the poet do not picture too strongly the object proposed. And now these parricidal hosts stand arrayed openly against that paternal Government to which they owed loyalty, protection and affection. Never in history did Rebellion assume such a front. Call their numbers 400,000 or 200,000—what you will—they far surpass any armed forces ever before marshalled in rebellion; they are among the largest ever marshalled in war.

And all this is in the name of Slavery and for the sake of Slavery, and at the bidding of Slavery. The profligate favorite of the English monarch—the famous Duke of Buckingham—was not more exclusively supreme—even according to those words by which he was exposed to the judgment of his cotemporaries—

> Who rules the kingdom? The King.
> Who rules the King? *The Duke.*
> Who rules the Duke? The Devil.

The prevailing part here attributed to the royal favorite belongs now to Slavery, which in the rebel States is a more than royal favorite.

> Who rules the rebel States? The President.
> Who rules the President? Slavery.
> Who rules Slavery? ——

The latter question I need not answer. But all must see—and nobody can deny—that Slavery is the ruling idea of this Rebellion. It is Slavery which marshals these hosts and breathes into their embattled ranks its own barbarous fire. It is Slavery which stamps its character alike upon officers and men. It is Slavery which inspires all from the General to the Trumpeter. It is Slavery which speaks in the word of command and which sounds in the morning drum-beat. It is Slavery which digs trenches and builds hostile forts. It is Slavery which pitches its white tents and stations its sentries over against the National Capital. It is Slavery which sharpens the bayonet and casts the bullet; which points the cannon and scatters the shell, blazing, bursting with death. Wherever this Rebellion shows itself—whatever form it takes—whatever thing it does—whatever it meditates—it is moved by Slavery; nay, it is Slavery itself, incarnate, living, acting, raging, robbing, murdering according to the essential law of its being.

But this is not all. The Rebellion is not only ruled by Slavery, but owing to the peculiar condition of the Slave States it is for the moment, according to their boast, actually reënforced by this institution. As the fields of the South are cultivated and labor generally is performed by slaves, the white freemen are at liberty to play the part of rebels. The slaves toil at home, while the masters work at Rebellion, and thus by a singular fatality is this doomed race actually engaged, without taking up arms, in feeding, supporting, succoring, invigorating those who are now battling for their enslavement. Full well I know that this is an element of strength only through the indulgence of our own Government; but I speak now of things as they are; and that I may not seem to go too far, I ask your attention to the testimony of a Southern Journal.

THE SLAVES AS A MILITARY ELEMENT IN THE SOUTH.—The total white population of the eleven States now comprising the Confederacy is 6,000,000, and, therefore, to fill up the ranks of the proposed army (600,000) about ten per cent. of the entire white population will be required. In any other country than our own, such a draft could not be met, but the Southern States can furnish that number of men, and still not leave the material interests of the country in a suffering condition. Those who are incapacitated for bearing arms can oversee the plantations, and *the negroes can go on undisturbed in their usual labors.* In the North the case is different; the men who join the army of subjugation are the laborers, the producers, and the factory operatives. Nearly every man from that section, especially those from the rural districts, leaves some bran

It is to their praise—destined to fill an immortal page—that from the beginning they saw the true character of Slavery and warned their country against its threatening domination. Through them the fires of Liberty have been kept alive in the United States—as Hume is constrained to confess that these same fires were kept alive in England by the Puritans, whom this great historian never praised if he could help it. And yet they are charged with this Rebellion. Can this be serious? Even at the beginning of the Republic the seeds of the Conspiracy were planted, and in 1820 and then again in 1830, it showed itself—while nearly thirty years ago Jackson denounced it, and one of its leading spirits has recently boasted that it has been gathering head for this full time, thus—not only in its distant embryo, but in its well-attested development—antedating those Abolitionists whose prophetic patriotism is now made the apology for the crime. As well—where the prudent passenger has warned the ship's crew of the fatal lee shore—arraign him for the wreck which has engulfed all; as well cry out, that the philosopher who foresees the storm is responsible for the desolation that ensues, or that the astronomer who calculates the eclipse, is the author of the darkness which covers the earth.

And now, before closing, the way is prepared for me to open to you briefly the present situation and its duties. You have seen Slavery even before the Federal Union, not only a disturbing influence, but an actual bar to Union except on condition of surrender to its immoral behests. You have seen Slavery at all times militant whenever any proposition was brought forward with regard to it, and more than once threatening a dissolution of the Union. You have seen Slavery for many years the animating principle of a Conspiracy against the Union, while it matured its flagitious plans and obtained the mastery of Cabinet and President. And when the Conspiracy had wickedly ripened, you have seen that it was only by concessions to Slavery that it was encountered, as by similar concessions it had from the beginning been encouraged. You now see Rebellion everywhere throughout the Slave States elevating its bloody crest and threatening the existence of the National Government, and all in the name of Slavery, while it proposes to establish a new government whose corner-stone shall be Slavery.

Against this Rebellion we wage war. It is our determination, as it is our duty, to crush it; and this will be done. The region now contested by the rebels belongs to the United States by every tie of government and of right. Some of it has been bought by our money, while all of it—with its rivers, harbors and extensive coast—has become essential to our business in peace and to our defence in war. Union is a geographical—economical—commercial—political—military—and if I may so say—even a fluvial necessity. Without Union, Peace on this continent is impossible; but life without peace is impossible also.

Only by crushing this Rebellion can Union and Peace be restored. Let this be seen in its reality and who can hesitate? If this were done instantly—without further contest—then besides all the countless advantages of every kind obtained by such restoration, two especial goods will be accomplished—one political and the other moral as well as political. First, the pretended right of secession, with the whole pestilent extravagance of State Sovereignity, which has supplied the machinery for this Rebellion and afforded a delusive cover for treason, will be trampled out—never again to disturb the majestic unity of the Republic. And, secondly, the unrighteous attempt to organize a new Confederacy solely for the sake of Slavery and with Slavery as its corner-stone, will be overthrown. These two pretensions, one so shocking to our reason and the other so shocking to our moral nature, will disappear forever. And with their disappearance will commence a new epoch, the beginning of a grander period. But if by any accident the Rebellion should prevail, then just in proportion to its triumph, whether through concession on our part, or through successful force on the other part, will the Union be impaired and Peace be impossible. Therefore in the name of the Union and for the sake of Peace are you summoned to the work.

But how shall the Rebellion be crushed? That is the question. Men, money, munitions of war, a well-supplied commissariat, means of transportation; all these you you have in abundance—in some particulars beyond the rebels. You have too the consciousness of a good cause, which in itself is an army. And yet thus far—until within a few days—the advantage has not been on our side. The explanation is easy. The rebels are combatting at home on their own soil, strengthened and maddened by Slavery, which is to them an ally and a fanaticism. More thoroughly aroused than ourselves—more terribly in earnest—with every sinew strained to the utmost—they freely use all the resources that God and nature put into their hands; raising against us not only the whole white population, but enlisting the war-whoop of the Indians—cruising upon the sea in pirate ships to despoil our commerce, and, at one swoop, confiscating our property to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, while all this time their four million of slaves undisturbed at home are freely contributing by their labor to sustain the war, which without them must soon expire.

It remains for us to encounter the Rebellion calmly and surely by a force superior to its own. But to this end something more will be needed than men or money. Our battalions must be reënforced by ideas, and we must strike directly at the Origin and Mainspring of the Rebellion. I do not say now in what way or to what extent; but simply that we must strike; it may be by the system of a Massachusetts General—Butler; it may be by that of Fremont; or it may be by the grander system of John Quincy Adams. Reason and Sentiment both concur in this policy, which is only according to the most common principles of human conduct. In no way can we do so much at so little cost. To the enemy such a blow will be a terror; to good men it will be an encouragement, and to foreign nations watching this contest, it will be an earnest of something beyond a mere carnival of battle. There has been the cry "On to Richmond," and still another worse cry "On to England." Better than either is the cry, "On to Freedom." Let this be heard in the voices of your soldiers; aye—let it resound in the purpose of the Government, and victory must be ours. By this sign conquer.

It is with no little happiness that I now announce that this cry is at last adopted by the Government. You will find it in the instructions from the Secretary of War, dated War Department, Oct 14th, 1861, and addressed to the General commanding the forces which have just effected a successful landing in South Carolina. Here are the important words:

"You will, however, in general avail yourself of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer them to the National Government; you will employ such persons in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employees or, if special circumstances seem to require it, in any other capacity, with such organization, in squads, companies or otherwise, as you deem most beneficial to the service. This, however, not to mean a general arming of them for military service. You will assure all loyal masters that Congress will provide just compensation to them for the loss of the services of the persons so employed."

These words have not the positive form of a proclamation; but, analyze them, and you will find them full of meaning. First, martial law is hereby declared; for the powers committed to the discretion of the General are derived from that law and not from the late Confiscation Act of Congress. Secondly, Fugitive slaves are not to be surrendered. Thirdly, all coming within the camp are to be treated as freemen. Fourthly, they may be employed in such service as they may be fitted for. Fifthly, in squads, companies or otherwise, with the single limitation that this is not to mean "a *general* arming of them for military service." And, sixthly, compensation, through Congress, is promised to loyal masters; saying nothing of rebel masters. All this is little short of a Proclamation of Emancipation—not unlike that of old Caius Marius, when he landed on the coast of Etruria, and, according to Plutarch, proclaimed Liberty to the slaves. As such I do not err when I call it the most important event of the war—the more important because it is understood to have the deliberate sanction of the President as well as of the Secretary of War, and therefore marks the policy of the Administration. That this policy should be first applied to South Carolina is just. As the great Rebellion began in this State, so should the great Remedy.

Slavery is the inveterate culprit—the transcendent criminal—the persevering traitor—the arch rebel—the open outlaw. As the less is contained in the greater, so the Rebellion is all contained in Slavery. The tenderness which you show to Slavery is, therefore, tenderness to the Rebellion itself. The pious caution with which you avoid harming Slavery is like that ancient superstition, which made the wolf sacred among the Romans and the crockodile sacred among the Egyptians; nor shall I hesitate to declare that every surrender of a slave by your soldiers back to bondage is an offering of human sacrifice—whose shame is too great for any army to bear. That men should still hesitate to strike at Slavery is only another illustration of human weakness. The English Republicans, in their bloody contest with the Crown, hesitated for a long time to fire upon the King; but under the valiant lead of Cromwell, surrounded by his well-trained Ironsides, they banished all such scruple, and you know well the result. The king was not shot, but his head was brought to the block.

The duty which I suggest, if not urgent now, as a *military necessity, in just self-defence*, will present itself constantly on other grounds, *as our armies advance in the Slave States or land on their coasts.* If it does not stare us in the face at this moment, it is because unhappily we are still everywhere on the defensive. As we begin to be successful it must rise before us for practical decision; and you cannot avoid it. There will be slaves in your camps, or within your extended lines, whose condition you must determine. There will be slaves also claimed by rebels, whose continued chattelhood you will scorn to recognize. The decision of these two cases will settle the whole great question. Nor can the rebels complain. They challenge our armies to enter upon their territory in the free exercise of all the powers of war—according to which, as you well know, all private interests are subordinated to the public safety, which, for the time, becomes the supreme law above all other laws and above the Constitution itself. If everywhere under the flag of the Union—in its triumphant march—Freedom is substituted for Slavery, this outrageous Rebellion will not be the first instance in history where God has turned the wickedness of man into a blessing; nor will the example of Sampson stand alone when he gathered honey out of the carcass of the dead and rotten lion.

Pardon me if I speak only in hints, and do not stop to argue or explain. Not now, at the close of an address, devoted to the Rebellion in its Origin and Mainspring, can I enter upon this great question of military duty in its details. There is another place where this discussion will be open to me. It is enough now if I indicate the simple principle which will be the natural guide of all who are really in earnest—of all whose desire to save their country is stronger than their desire to save Slavery. You will strike where the blow will be most felt; nor will you miss the precious opportunity. The enemy is before you; nay, he has come out in ostentatious challenge, and his name is Slavery. You can vindicate the Union only by his prostration. Slavery is the very Goliah of the Rebellion, armed with a coat of mail, with a helmet of brass upon his head, greaves of brass upon his legs, a target of brass between his shoulders, and with the staff of his spear like a weaver's beam. But a stone from a simple sling will make the giant fall upon his face to the earth.

Thank God! our Government is strong; but thus far all signs denote that it is not strong enough to save the Union and at the same time to save Slavery. One or the other must suffer; and just in proportion as you reach forth to protect Slavery, do you protect this accursed Rebellion; nay, you give to it that very aid and comfort, which, under our Constitution, is treason itself. Perversely and pitifully do you postpone that sure period of reconciliation, not only between the two sections—not only between the men of the North and the men of the South, but, more beautiful still, between the slave and his master, without which that true tranquillity, which we all seek, cannot be permanently assured to our country. Believe it; only through such reconciliation, under the sanction of Freedom, can you remove all occasion of contention hereafter; only in this way, can you cut off the head of this great Rebellion, and at the same time extirpate that principle of Evil, which, if allowed to remain, must shoot forth in perpetual discord, if not in other rebellions; only in this way can you command that safe victory—without which this contest will be vain—which will have among its conquests Indemnity for the Past and Security for the Future—the noblest indemnity and the strongest security ever won—because founded in the redemption of a race.

Full well I know the doubts, cavils and misrepresentations to which this argument for the integrity of our Government is exposed; but I turn with confidence to the people. The heart of the people is right, and all great thoughts come from the heart. All who hate Slavery and who are true to Freedom will join instinctively in this effort, paying with person, time, talent, purse. They are the minute men of this War—always ready; and yet more ready just in proportion as the War is truly inspired. They at least are sure. It only remains that others who do not share in this animosity to Slavery—that merchants who study their ledgers—that bankers who study their discounts—and that politicians who study success—should see that only by a prompt and united effort against Slavery can this War be brought to a speedy and triumphant close, without which merchant, banker and politician will all suffer alike. Ledger, discount and political aspiration will be of small value if the War continues its lava flood, shrivelling and stifling everything but itself. Therefore, *under the spur of self-interest, if not under the necessities of self-defence*, we must act together. Humanity, too, joins in this appeal. Blood enough has been already shed—victims enough have been offered at the altar—even if you are willing to continue to Slavery the tribute we are now paying of more than a million of dollars a day.

Events too, under Providence, will be our masters For the rebels there can be no true success. Every road for them leads to disaster. Defeat for them will be bad: but victory will be worse; for then will the North be inspired to a sublimer energy. The proposition of Emancipation which shook ancient Athens followed close upon the disaster of Cheronœa. The Act of Congress, punishing the rebels by giving Freedom to their slaves *employed against us*—familiarly known as the Confiscation Act—passed the Senate on the morning after the disaster at Manassas. In the providence of God there are no accidents; and this seeming reverse thus helped the way to the greatest victory which can be won.

There is a classical story of a mighty hunter, whose life, in the Book of Fate, had been made to depend upon the preservation of a brand which was burning at his birth. The brand so full of destiny, was snatched from the flames and carefully preserved by his prudent mother. Meanwhile the hunter became powerful and invulnerable to mortal weapons. But at length the mother, indignant at his cruelty to her own family, flung the brand upon the flames and the hunter died. The story of that hunter, so powerful and invulnerable to mortal weapons, is now repeated in this Rebellion, and Slavery is the fatal brand. Let our Government, which has thus far preserved Slavery with maternal care, simply fling it upon the flames which itself has madly aroused, and the Rebellion will die at once.

Amidst all the perils which now surround us there is one only which I dread. It is the peril which comes from some new surrender to Slavery—some fresh recognition of its power—some present dalliance with its intolerable pretensions. Worse than any defeat or even the flight of an army would be such abandonment of principle. From all such peril good Lord deliver us! And there is *one way of safety* clear as sunlight—pleasant as the paths of Peace. Over its broad and open gate is written simply JUSTICE. There is victory in that word. Do justice and you will be twice-blessed; for so you will subdue the rebel master while you elevate the slave. Do justice frankly, generously, nobly, and you will find strength instead of weakness, while all seeming responsibility will disappear in obedience to God's everlasting law. Do justice, though the Heavens fall; but they will not fall. Every act of Justice becomes a new pillar of the Universe, or it may be a new link of that

golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds heaven and earth and main.

"What Shall be Done with the Slaves?"—Dr. Cheever's discourse on Sunday evening last was not so much an answer as a *preparation* to answer this important question. Next Sunday evening he will no doubt touch the core of the subject, giving his hearers light as to the safety of emancipation and the blessed results that would follow that act of simple justice to the enslaved.

Notice.—Members of the American Anti-Slavery Society entitled to receive the Annual Report just published will have their copies forwarded by mail upon their remitting the amount of postage (in stamps or otherwise), viz.: *fourteen cents*, to Robert F. Wallcut, 221 Washington Street, Boston.

SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

We cut the following paragraph from the Washington correspondence of the New York *World*:

"I will venture a political prediction touching a matter now engaging the attention of the ablest minds in the country. It is that the inevitable negro and what shall be done with him, will be more fiercely discussed during the approaching session of Congress than ever before; and further, that the proposition to crown our victories with emancipatory decrees will come from the Democratic side of the House; that the proposition will prevail finally, in effect, and that the Democracy will thereupon resume their ancient estate, with all the powers, dignities and emoluments thereunto appertaining. These are the visible signs of the times. And I think such of us as live four years will live long enough to see their verification."

The recent speech of Col. Cochrane, which we printed last week, is doubtless one of the signs that the above prediction is not without some foundation in passing events. [The Frankfort (Ky.) *Commonwealth*, an old and influential journal, endorses Col. Cochrane's policy as "exactly right." See fourth page.] The following letter from that old Democratic politician, formerly editor of the Albany *Argus* and chief wire-worker of the Albany Regency, may be regarded as another shadow of coming events:

"New York, Nov. 20, 1861.

"My Dear Sir: Your eloquent and significant speech to the Chasseurs, with its endorsement by the Secretary of War, has produced a marked sensation in all quarters. I am glad that your positions on this subject are such as they are, and that you have taken them without ambiguity or hesitation. As the middle ground between extreme action on the one side—the surrender of escaped or captured slaves to their owners, rebel or loyal—and extreme action on the other—the abolition declaration of emancipation—it will meet with general approval, *if rightly understood*, excepting in abolition quarters.

"The distinction is a nice one, but, as I think, obvious. Fremont avows the Shibboleth of Abolitionism, and ignores the right of property in slaves. You recognize it, and seize the slave as any other rebel property, and convert it to public uses, precisely as you would rebel munitions or implements of war, and turn it against the enemy, or hand it over to loyal or Union citizens.

"You disclaim and repudiate abolitionism. Fremont proclaims emancipation as a primal object and result of the war, and captured slaves, instead of being used as a material of war, are to be let loose upon free or slave communities, as they may prefer. You capture them as you would a ship, a fort, an 80-pounder, or a musket, and, as a military necessity, deprive the enemy of a material of war, and apply it to the uses of the captors. In this light it becomes an element of strength, not only in the conduct of the war, but in the enforcement of the laws and vindication of the Constitution over the designs of treason and rebellion. In the abolition or Fremont sense it becomes an element of weakness and division, and interrupts a vigorous and united prosecution of the war.

"The first great duty is to put down this causeless and most flagitious rebellion; the next, to restore the Union to its indivisibility. Of the full performance of the first, and much sooner than many, myself included, thought practicable, I have now no doubt. The second will not be without its difficulties. If we reëstablish the Constitution, after repressing and punishing the secession violation of it, and require implicit obedience to its provisions, no extended question of difference and irritation can arise that will produce serious agitation and conflict. But, if we seek to accomplish the first great purpose—the suppression of the rebellion—by abolition means and positions, we shall retard that much-desired consummation, and probably frustrate the second material purpose of the war, at least lay the foundation of future dissensions, acrimonies and alienations. *The Tribune* and *The Evening Post* endeavor to convey the impression that you go further in the abolition direction than Fremont. To my view, your positions are antagonistical to Fremont; and they constitute the dividing line between the Administration and the Union feeling of the country on the one side, and abolitionism and secession (both looking to the permanent disintegration of the Union) on the other. But loyalty and the energies of the government will prevail.

"The effective ability and vigor with which Secretary Cameron has conducted his branch of our great service, under the difficulties which environ a government unaccustomed to war, and especially civil war, has won for him the admiration of the country, and a position of high favor with the people.

"Sincerely your friend and obedient servant,
"Col. John Cochrane. Edwin Croswell.

"P. S.—Mr. [Daniel S.] Dickinson, who is now in my office, allows me to say that he fully concurs in this view of the question."

We stop not now to comment upon Mr. Croswell's "nice distinction" between Col. Cochrane's policy and that proposed by the Abolitionists. This distinction is made, we apprehend, to save the pride of old Democrats by persuading them that they may undermine slavery without committing themselves to Abolitionism. Deeply as we regret the unwillingness of pro-slavery politicians to make an open confession of their sins and plant themselves squarely on the ground of absolute justice and righteousness, we must yet rejoice when, for any reason or in any way, they propose to strike at the foundations of slavery. "The rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and if they, while doing the work of Abolitionists, are not brave enough to take their name, or are even mean enough to repudiate it, we shall regret it chiefly for their own sake.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, Nov. 24, 1861.

It is impossible to understand the government, or rather the Administration, and what it means in reference to the Slavery question. Who is there in the broad land that comprehends the position of the Administration on this great subject? Sometimes it would seem that it has a well-defined policy on the Slavery question, but some new order from the War Department, a letter from President Lincoln, or a speech of a Cabinet member, kicks over one's previous views, or conjectures, without the least mercy, or consideration for one's feelings.

For instance: Secretary Cameron made a glorious little speech out at Camp Cochrane last week. You remember it. He fully endorsed Col. John Cochrane's emancipation speech, and said boldly that whatever stands in the way of the Union must be destroyed. At Springfield, Mass., he did not conceal his sentiments, but said repeatedly that *the cause of the war* should be and must be destroyed. Was Secretary Cameron in earnest? Was he talking honestly? The people thought so, the people said so, and praised their Secretary of War.

But now we look at the other side of the picture. Immediately after Cameron's speech we have Dix's proclamation, in which, in effect, he promises the people of Accomac and Northampton Counties to quell slave insurrections for them, and agrees not to interfere in the least with their peculiar institution. To show that he is in earnest, all fugitive slaves are forbidden to come within the lines of the Union army. The very men and the only men who tell us true stories of the condition of the enemy are forbidden to come near us! Is not this an extraordinary display of wisdom? Again, in Missouri Gen. Halleck issues an order prohibiting all slaves, whether from the enemy or not, from coming within the lines of his army. How are we to reconcile these facts with Mr. Cameron's speech? The Secretary *talks* boldly, but somehow all his Generals *act* in favor of slavery. Some people here have been uncharitable enough to suggest that the Secretary of War has been playing *a role* for the benefit of the Administration—that he has *talked* anti-slavery to keep the anti-slavery portion of the public still, while the acts of the Administration have all had a terrible squint in the direction of slavery-protection. But the suggestion, I am convinced, is not just to Mr. Cameron. I am inclined to think that *he* is in earnest about this war, and is thoroughly sick of fighting the rebellion with mittens on. He is for ending the war as speedily as possible—if by the overthrow of slavery, so much the better. It is not improbable that other prominent members of the Cabinet differ from him, and as Mr. Cameron is a shrewd politician, and perceives how this business is to end, he chooses to put himself upon record now, in advance of his comrades. It is known that Secretary Smith is very much opposed to what he calls "the negro question." It is probable that Mr. Bates is equally decided. As for the other Cabinet members, few people know exactly what ground they do take on the question of slave-emancipation, or rather on the question of turning the grand army into a *posse* of slave-catchers.

Mr. Seward does not open his mouth on the subject, unless it be in private. He has just spoken, at a fashionable party given a few evenings ago, his views generally of the war. Let me give you a few sentences from the sage of Auburn which I can vouch for, which I *know* he uttered. Said he, "The effective part of the war, on our side, is over. There may be more fighting—*but the less of it the surer we are of speedy peace.* Every battle saved—which can be honorably avoided—is a gain to the cause of the Union. The real danger is over. If we escape danger in our foreign affairs, all will be well!" There you have the oracular Secretary of State. Interpret his sayings if you can.

It is exceedingly difficult to read Mr. Seward correctly. There are men who see him in his moments of entire frankness, who come away with the confidence that he is the best anti-slavery man in the country. Others, who know him intimately, believe him to be pro-slavery. But how any one who knows anything about him could have made the tremendous blunder of attributing to him a desire to acquiesce in separation, as the gentleman did who misled *The Independent* a fortnight ago, is beyond conception. Mr. Seward is ready to sacrifice almost everything to the Union. This is one of his chief faults. He so loves the Union that he is in danger of overlooking what is worth more than Union—and that is *Liberty*.

It may be that events will finally prove that Mr. Seward has really never changed position on the question of slavery, and that he will stand by his earlier declarations on this subject. It is among the possibilities, and therefore let us hope. He is certainly a generous man. He gives Helper a place when no one else will do it—when almost everybody in Washington connected with the government gave him the cold shoulder. One downright Abolitionist, a man who has often helped slaves from here to a land of freedom, went to Mr. Seward and told him of his poverty. Mr. Seward knew him well—knew how he had always been the slave's friend here in Washington, where it made him unpopular—and at once gave him a fine place with a large salary attached to it. Mr. Seward was the only man connected with the government who would pay any attention to the claims of this radical Republican. Such facts one cannot forget, even in the face of Mr. Seward's most singular public course. What do they indicate? Perhaps nothing more than a very generous disposition, which includes within its charities foes as well friends—men who dislike his course as well as those who admire him. It is often remarked, "Mr. Seward treats his opponents better than most of the Republican department and bureau holders treat their friends." This is one secret of his power and influence. He is shrewd enough to perceive his advantage over many of his political rivals in this respect. He is still the great man of the Cabinet with Mr. Lincoln, and exercises a controlling influence over the President.

Gen. McClellan is very busy with his reviews and parades, but as yet he has no fighting to occupy him. It is, however, told of him that, after he has spent the day with his troops, he comes back to his headquarters to spend almost the entire night in deep study and preparation for the campaign. It is generally thought here that a great battle will be fought near Washington before New Year's Day. The army is preparing for a mighty struggle, and if it should be postponed till next spring, it will be because of reasons which do not operate now. There is no expectation of going into winter quarters, but on the contrary there is as much preparation for a battle as there ever has been since last April. Members of Congress, who urge that there should be active work in the field ere long, are told that they will soon see enough to satisfy them. In other words, it is given out at the War Department by intimation, hint, or actual announcement, that there will soon be hard fighting in eastern Virginia, and that Gen. McClellan will lead his army to battle. We shall soon see whether there be anything in this new rumor, for if we are to have any fighting before midwinter, it will take place within a fortnight. Mr. Jocelyn, of the American Missionary Association, is here from Fortress Monroe, where he has been ministering to the wants of the "contrabands." He preaches to-day to a colored congregation here.

Avon.

Our Western Correspondence.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 20, 1861.

Picking up an odd number of the odd Dr. Wm. Byrd Powell's *Journal of Human Science*, which was (*Illium fuit*) the champion of all the Impracticable Sciences, I found a figure of the head of Abraham Lincoln, now President, then just nominated for the Presidency. The Doctor does up His Excellency under the Bilious Temperament, and after the following fashion: "Fig. 3 is a portrait representation of a well-marked bilious gentleman—the distinguished King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, an able General and a good King; a very rare instance of a bilious man having power and not abusing it. Fig. 4 is a representation of the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, a Republican candidate for the office of President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln is not entirely bilious, but his departure from it is but slight; with his bilious there is a slight admixture of the encephalic. His outline is certainly sufficiently harsh, angular and cast-iron like to entitle him to a place in this class. We wish he were as much entitled to a place in the Capital of this country. We do not doubt that Mr. Lincoln is an estimable citizen, but still we are sure that Nature had no reference to the Presidential office when she modelled him. In treating of Mr. Lincoln phrenologically, we have no prejudice to serve; it is our desire to do him justice." "Mr. Lincoln's whole nature is executive, and, therefore, so far as he knows his duty, he will probably do it; but he may not do it in the right way; this requires more diplomatic and legislative ability than we find to be indicated by his organization." "No advantages could have qualified him for the office." "We greatly fear that the time has past, when the first order of mind can obtain the office of President in this country." All of which was written in July last, too far back to be suspected as a disloyal emanation.

The other day I had an extended conversation with our leading Western sculptor, who has within a year taken the heads—in a loyal sense—of Chase, Ewing, and more recently of Lincoln. The latter is considered by all who have seen the President as a *great work*. "Good Lord!" exclaimed the sculptor, "how I did study Abraham's head when I was making that bust." "And what did you make out of that head, comrade?" (the artist and I belong to the same Club.) "How do you mean?" "Biologico-phrenologico-magnetico-physiognomico-spiri"—— "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" cried the poor sculptor. "Do you suppose me capable of leaving my attic, and participating consubstantially in the interior consciousness of a newly-elected President?" On being assured that I did, he was flattered enough to give me the following statement: "The first thing that arrested my attention in Mr. Lincoln's head was the poverty of all those phrenological developments which are supposed to indicate *quickness* of intelligence. Unless all signs failed, he was a remarkably dull man. In the region of the logical intellect his development was large and strongly marked. In fact, my first inference was: Give this man a case or subject, and give him plenty of time without interruption in which to revolve it, and few persons' opinion would be worth so much; but allow cases and subjects to come before him with *rapidity*, and his mind would be utterly confused; in fact, he couldn't think at all. The second thing that arrested my attention was the flatness and meagreness of the occiput below the realm of philopro——what d'ye call it? Never mind, it was the 'By the Eternal' part of him left out. Abraham Lincoln will never rise up—dilate—kindle with indignation or great purpose. Therefore the first great storm-sped soul that comes along will sweep over and beyond him and the like of him, and that picket-guard of Liberty's Great Revolution yclept a Cabinet!"

The sculptor, saying this, moved about his hands as if he were carving from the air that goddess who is to crown the Capitol dome when it is finished. But his voice quieted, and I imagine he thought he had said something he shouldn't have said about somebody, by his going on to say how many excellent qualities His Excellency Mr. This and His Honor Mr. That had: which being *en regle*, I went off to look at some photographs.

Alas, is it not a pitiable sight to see the People spurning their heroes and crying for them, almost in a breath: they elect politicians, and when an emergency comes, their politicians are about as useful to them as a locomotive would be upon which to cross the Atlantic.

The question is now beginning to assume importance, Who killed Fremont? It bids fair to rival in the public mind the ancient one, "Who killed Cock Robin?" or the modern, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Seward has a long interview with some New York gentleman, according to *The Evening Post's* correspondent, who maintains that he was Fremont's friend to the last. Mr. Chase is writing letters to leaders of public opinion all over the country, declaring that he was opposed to the removal of Fremont. It is hardly possible that Mr. Lincoln would have removed Fremont against the earnest protest of these two men. As for Mr. Seward's disclaimer, it is disabled at the outset by being associated with a disclaimer of his being disposed to compromise. Has Mr. Seward lost his wits, or does he suppose the people have lost theirs? At a time when the American heart was all aflame with patriotic devotion, what was Mr. Seward doing? Writing letters to traitor-commissioners through Judge Campbell, and making cowardly promises about Fort Sumter, which Fate has recorded as falsehoods. Who was it that wrote to Gov. Hicks the wretched fawning letter declaring that the troops brought through Maryland were *only* to defend the Capital? My deliberate opinion is, that Mr. Seward's disclaimer of sympathy with the Fremont Removal is an indirection. He stood by Fremont "*to the last.*" Let us know when that "last" was.

By the way, an unimpeachable gentleman says that he saw that dapper and half-witted letter, signed with Cameron's name, concerning the contrabands, sent out to Gen. Butler at Fortress Monroe, modifying his plans and snubbing his law-points—*and that it was in Frederick Seward's handwriting.*

As for Mr. Chase's connection with this matter, it is known from A to Z, not only by me but by numbers of persons. And here let me remark concerning your Washington correspondent's tremendous endorsement of Mr. Chase's "rigid honesty and loftiness of character in every respect," that I suspect he must be a young anti-slavery man, whose memory does not run back to the case of Humanity in the person of Margaret Garner *vs.* Salmon P. Chase, then Republican Governor of Ohio. I am convinced that no anti-slavery man in Ohio trusts Secretary Chase. He went into the Fremont campaign years ago in a half-hearted way; and he has been ever since a bitter hater of Fremont. I have heard Mr. Chase speak of Fremont in such terms as to justify a suspicion on the part of those present of mean personal motives. When Mr. Fremont was proposed for a Major-General's appointment, Mr. Chase opposed it strongly to the last. He says it was on account of Fremont's extravagance; but that is gainsaid by the fact that he wished him afterward put in the place of Patterson, who took $10,000,000 to return 21 fugitive slaves. Chase must have had some other reason for wishing to dim Fremont's lustre. Was he in too important a place, with too many green laurels in view, for a Western statesman to endure? Mr. Chase says he was opposed to the removal when it took place. If he had been faithful to Liberty and the people, he would have scorned to remain one of an Administration which makes the judicious grieve and only the half-hearted and traitors rejoice. The same may be said of every member of it: not one member of that Administration need ever hope to recover from the enduring, the ineradicable stigma of remaining in it when it became faithless to every high standard.

It is reported that strong efforts are making at Washington to have ex-Gov. Morehead of Ky., now at Fort Warren, exchanged for Charles Anderson, brother of Gen. Anderson, now a prisoner of war in the South. I have no doubt it will be done. Charles Anderson has been for many years a resident of this city, where he has been distinguished above all others for the amount of dirt he could eat for slavery. A crawling, brawling Democrat, who, after the secession of South Carolina, said in a speech in Texas, "God may forgive South Carolina, I never can: *she shouted when Lincoln was elected*"—is the very man for this Administration to give up its prisoners for. No doubt he will acknowledge that he had mistaken Mr. Lincoln's character. We all have.

MEMORIAL OF THE PEOPLE TO CONGRESS.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the Inhabitants thereof."

To the Congress of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens of , State of , respectfully submit—

That as the present formidable rebellion against the General government manifestly finds its root and nourishment in the system of chattel slavery at the South; as the leading conspirators are slaveholders, who constitute an oligarchy avowedly hostile to all free institutions; and as, in the nature of things, no solid peace can be maintained while the cause of this treasonable revolt is permitted to exist; your honorable body is urgently implored to lose no time in enacting, under the war power, the total abolition of slavery throughout the country—liberating unconditionally the slaves of all who are rebels, and, while not recognizing the right of property in man, allowing for the emancipated slaves of such as are loyal to the government a fair pecuniary award, as a conciliatory measure, and to facilitate an amicable adjustment of difficulties; and thus to bring the war to a speedy and beneficent termination, and indissolubly to unite all sections and all interests of the country upon the enduring basis of universal freedom.

☞ *Editors of newspapers are requested to give this Memorial one or more insertions in their columns.*

Printed copies of the above Memorial may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and of Joel McMillan, Salem, Ohio. Persons applying to Mr. McMillan will enclose payment at the rate of $1.25 per hundred, to cover cost of paper and printing.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

The time for the Annual Subscription Anniversary again draws nigh, and we look forward to it with pleasure, as the means of meeting familiar, friendly faces, and listening to earnest words of counsel and encouragement.

All those who have faith in the principles of freedom, all who believe that the effect of righteousness would be peace and security for our unhappy country, are cordially and earnestly invited to meet us at the usual time and place in Boston, in January next. [Particulars hereafter.]

Contributions, and expressions of sympathy, from friends at home or abroad, in person or by letter, will be most thankfully received; for we have great need of both at this most momentous and trying crisis.

L. Maria Child,	Caroline M. Severance,
Mary May,	Mary Willey,
Louisa Loring,	Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Henrietta Sargent,	Sarah P. Remond,
Sarah Russell May,	Mary E. Stearns,
Helen Eliza Garrison,	Sarah J. Nowell,
Anna Shaw Greene,	Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Sarah Blake Shaw,	Anne Langdon Alger,
Elizabeth Gay,	Eliza Apthorp,
Caroline Thayer,	Sarah Cowing,
Abby Kelley Foster,	Sarah H. Southwick,
Lydia D. Parker,	Mary Elizabeth Sargent,
Augusta G. King,	Sarah C. Atkinson,
Mattie Griffith,	Abby Francis,
Mary Jackson,	Mary Jane Parkman,
Evelina A. Smith,	Georgiana Otis,
Abby H. Stephenson.	

THE TWENTY-SIXTH

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair and National Bazaar.

This Fair will be held in the city of Philadelphia, in the month of December, 1861. It is the purpose of its managers to conduct it in a manner suited to the exigencies of the present times, diminishing, as far as possible, its expenses, and furnishing it with such articles as command a sale even in seasons of commercial embarrassment.

We ask our coadjutors in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware to put their hands once more to the work of conducting our Annual Fair with the energy and wisdom which the exigencies of the hour demand; not doubting that they who, through the long years of our conflict, have stood firm in heart and hope and faith, will wield their weapons faithfully, unto the end.

Sarah Pugh,	Huldah Justice,
Margaret J. Burleigh,	Anna R. Justice,
Anna M. Child,	Sarah Kenderdine,
Ellen M. Child,	Abby Kimber,
Sarah L. Child,	Martha Kimber,
Elizabeth Clendennon,	Lucretia Mott,
Maria Conklin,	Sarah A. McKim,
Agnes Crain,	Emma Parker,
Maria M. Davis,	Sarah H. Peirce,
Margaretta Forten,	Ruth Anna Peirce,
Martha A. Galvin,	Rebecca Plumly,
Lydia Gillingham,	Harriet D. Purvis,
Sarah K. Gillingham,	Mary Shaw,
Mary Grew,	Susan W. Shaw,
Margaret A. Griscom,	Annie Shoemaker,
Sarah C. Hallowell,	Martha Shoemaker,
Rebecca S. Hart,	Mary T. Stickney,
Anna M. Hopper,	Hannah L. Stickney,
Jennette Jackson,	Emily W. Taylor,
Clementina G. John,	Rosanna Thompson,
Gulielma M. Jones,	Lydia White,
Rachel Wilson.	

Chronicles of the War.

Slidell and Mason.

These worthies are now safe within the walls of Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. The people of Boston received Capt. Wilkes in Faneuil Hall and honored him with an invitation to a public dinner at the Revere House, at which Gov. Andrew Chief Justice Bigelow and others spoke. The people appear to have come almost or quite unanimously to the conclusion that Capt. Wilkes violated no provision of international law, and that Great Britain, therefore, has no ground for complaint. Such is the view of the case taken by our most eminent publicists, Everett, Prof. Parsons, W. B. Lawrence, etc. There is, however, some apprehension that the British Government may view the matter in a different light. In the present stage of the affair we do not think it worth while to occupy our columns with the authorities cited or the arguments founded thereon. If the British government makes a serious issue with ours, we shall give the subject the attention which it may seem to require at our hands.

It has been proposed in some quarters that the rebel Commissioners so fortunately bagged by Capt. Wilkes be visited with the same treatment that the Confederate government may bestow upon Col. Corcoran, who was selected by lot to suffer whatever privation and punishment may be awarded to the privateer lately convicted of piracy in Philadelphia; but the Administration at Washington has not yet acted on the suggestion.

Secretary Cameron Assailed.

From The Louisville Journal.

The actual policy of the Administration, as set forth by Secretary Smith, is both right and expedient; the policy recommended by Mr. Cameron is both wrong and inexpedient. It is wrong and inexpedient, in a measure utterly fatal. Moreover, it is in other respects unworthy of a virtuous and enlightened nation.

Why does Secretary Cameron recommend a policy which superadds to such manifest folly and barbarity the open condemnation of the Administration? This is a question worthy of a moment's attention. Is he in his conscience persuaded that the policy is a proper one? If he is, he is intellectually disqualified for the position he occupies. If he is not, he is morally disqualified for the position, and perhaps intellectually disqualified beside. In either case, and one or the other must be true, he deserves to be dismissed from the Cabinet, and the President would consult his own reputation as well as the public good by promptly doing justice in the premises. As to which of these two cases is true, opinions will probably differ. For ourselves, however, we cannot resist the opinion that *Secretary Cameron, having effectually killed off Fremont by the publication of Gen. Thomas's private report, is now resolutely bent on winning, at the sacrifice of his own convictions, the place which Fremont held in the favor of the anti-slavery men.* The place of hero to the anti-slavery men is certainly vacant at this moment, and if Secretary Cameron is not bidding for it we know not who is or at what else the Secretary can be aiming. Be this as it may, the time has unquestionably ar

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WOLVES.

Ye who listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,

Of the lone wood-side, and the hungry pack
That howls on the fainting traveller's track—

Flame-red eyeballs that waylay,
By the wintry moon, the belated sleigh—

The lost child sought in the dismal wood,
The little shoes and the stains of blood

On the trampled snow—O ye that hear,
With thrills of pity or chills of fear,

Wishing some angel had been sent
To shield the hapless and innocent—

Know ye the fiend that is crueller far
Than the gaunt gray herds of the forest are?

Swiftly vanish the wild fleet tracks
Before the rifle and woodman's axe:

But hark to the coming of the unseen feet,
Pattering by night through the city street!

Each wolf that dies in the woodland brown
Lives a spectre and haunts the town.

By square and market they slink and prowl,
In cave and alley they leap and howl.

All night they snuff and snarl before
The poor patched window and broken door.

They paw the clapboards and claw the latch,
At every crevice they whine and scratch.

Their tongues are subtle and long and thin,
And they lap the living blood within.

Icy keen are the teeth that tear,
Red as ruin the eyes that glare.

Children crouched in corners cold
Shiver in tattered garments old,

And start from sleep with bitter pangs
At the touch of the phantoms' viewless fangs.

Weary the mother and worn with strife,
Still she watches and fights for life.

But her hand is feeble, and weapon small:
One little needle against them all!

In evil hour the daughter fled
From her poor shelter and wretched bed.

Through the city's pitiless solitude
To the door of sin the wolves pursued.

Fierce the father and grim with want,
His heart is gnawed by the spectres gaunt:

Frenzied stealing forth by night,
With whetted knife, to the desperate fight,

He thought to strike the spectres dead,
But he smites his brother man instead.

O you that listen to stories told,
When hearths are cheery and nights are cold,

Weep no more at the tales you hear,
The danger is close and the wolves are near.

Shudder not at the murderer's name,
Marvel not at the maiden's shame.

Pass not by with averted eye
The door where the stricken children cry.

But, when the beat of the unseen feet
Sounds by night through the stormy street,

Follow thou where the spectres glide;
Stand like Hope by the mother's side;

And be thyself the angel sent
To shield the hapless and innocent.

He gives but little who gives his tears,
He gives his best who aids and cheers.

He does well in the forest wild
Who slays the monster and saves the child;

But he does better, and merits more,
Who drives the wolf from the poor man's door.

—*Atlantic Monthly for December.*

FUNERAL OF FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ.

From The Liberator.

On Monday forenoon, Nov. 18th, the residence of the late FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., in Hollis Street, Boston, was thronged by an admiring and sympathizing gathering of relatives, friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens (Music Hall could readily have been crowded with such, had an opportunity been given), to pay the last sad tribute of affection and respect to his character and memory. Addresses were made by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Samuel May, Jr., in the following order:

REMARKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Such is my reverence for the memory of the redeemed and disenthralled spirit whose mortal remains lie before us, waiting for their interment—such my knowledge of the simplicity, integrity and grandeur of his character—that I feel I must carefully measure my words on this occasion, lest, in the fulness of my feelings, I should seem to exceed the bounds of moderation, or overrun the time appropriate to these obsequies.

In itself considered, the present bereavement is marked by nothing peculiar; for, so populous has our world become, that, with every swing of the pendulum, a soul takes its exit therefrom, casting aside its earthly habiliments, and assuming an incorruptible body, in accordance with the conditions of immortal life. What has been the lot of the myriads who have gone before—what is, in due time, as surely to be the lot of all now living, and of all who are yet to dwell upon the earth—cannot, therefore, be other than an infinitely wise and beneficent arrangement, conducive to the welfare and advancement of all, and for the noblest purposes of creation.

Such was the view taken of this great change by our departed friend, who has now experienced it for himself. By evidence which to him was of a strongly demonstrative character, he joyfully recognized the truth of the affirmation:

> "There is no death! What seems so is transition:
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call death."

Hence, there was no doubt in his mind, no cloud upon his prospects; and he waited for "the inevitable hour" which should liberate his willing spirit, with rational and unfaltering trust, with philosophic serenity, with cheerful readiness, with Christian assurance. To quote his own pleasant words, in a private letter to a friend: "Heaven is all around us! So there is to be no separation between us. I am for both spheres, and all the spheres, 'however bounded.' In whatever sphere, we shall together sing that good old Methodist hymn—in substance:

> 'When we've been there ten thousand years,
> Bright shining as the sun,
> We've no less days to sing God's praise
> Than when we first begun.'"

There is, then, no darkness here, nothing but light supernal; no sting of death, but death swallowed up in victory. Nevertheless, human nature is not stony insensibility. Regrets at the separation, tears of affection, emotions of sorrow for our own temporary loss, these are not incompatible with absolute trust and reverent acquiescence; for

> "There is a tear for all who die,
> A mourner o'er the humblest grave."

Only let there be nothing morbid or superstitious in the treatment of an event like this; no gloomy meditations; no talk of a mysterious Providence; no sorrowing as do those who have no hope.

> "Clay to clay, and dust to dust!
> Let them mingle—for they must!
> Give to earth the earthly clod,
> For the spirit's fled to God.
>
> "Look aloft! The spirit's risen;
> Death cannot the soul imprison;
> 'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
> Glorious, though invisible."

And now, what shall I say of the life of our beloved and widely-honored friend, whose mortal hand we are never again to clasp, whose outward form we are soon to commit to the sheltering tomb? I feel restricted and oppressed for utterance between my desire to award him the high meed of praise he deserves as a husband, father, relative, friend, neighbor, citizen, cosmopolitan, philanthropist, reformer, and my consciousness of his modest estimate of himself, and his great repugnance to any laudation being made of his efforts to leave the world better than he found it. I seem to hear him saying: "Award to me nothing more than a conscientious desire and a ruling purpose to know myself; to be true to my convictions of duty; to be led in the right way; to increase in light and knowledge; to contribute something to the stock of human happiness by lessening the sum of human misery; to lead a manly life and set a manly example; to be with the right, at whatever odds or however forsaken; to be lifted above that 'fear of man which bringeth a snare,' my feet planted on the rock of eternal truth; to espouse the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed as my own; to uphold the democratic idea of human equality, without regard to sex or complexion, tribe or people; to show my abhorrence of caste in the most practical manner; to uproot priestcraft, bigotry, a ceremonial religion, and every form of usurpation over the mind and conscience; to encourage freedom of speech and inquiry, in the spirit of the apostolic injunction, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good'; and to save and bless my native land, and through her the whole world, by inducing the abolition of her all-blighting and fearfully demoralizing slave system, by which she is shorn of her moral power, and made a proverb in all other lands. If I have been instrumental in the furtherance of any good work, or the success of any righteous enterprise, I have simply tried to do my duty; but spare me, even though now out of the body, the bestowal of any encomiums—for how could I have done less? Alas! that I was able to achieve so little!"

Though I am sure that I correctly interpret the feelings and wishes of our departed friend—departed in one sense, and yet with us at this hour, I doubt not, for he "still lives"—yet, admitting that no flesh can glory in the Divine Presence, and that no one can exceed the requirements of faith, hope, charity, I am persuaded that it is allowable to recognize extraordinary virtue and shining worth, both as a matter of justice, and as an incentive to the attainment of a similar moral elevation. How splendid the tribute paid by Jesus, when, assuming to be an outcast and felon as the representative of suffering humanity, he said to those who had succored and befriended him, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"! Of course, they disclaimed having done anything answering to this high award; otherwise they would have shown themselves unworthy of it.

To Francis Jackson are singularly applicable the descriptive lines of Sir Henry Wotton:

> "How happy is he born or taught,
> Who serveth not another's will;
> Whose armor is his honest thought,
> And simple truth his highest skill:
>
> "Whose passions not his masters' are;
> Whose soul is still prepared for death;
> Not tied unto the world with care
> Of public fame or private breath:
>
> "Who God doth late and early pray
> More of His grace than goods to lend;
> And walks with man, from day to day,
> As with a brother and a friend."

And not less applicable are the lines of Whittier:

> "Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
> A true and brave and downright honest man!
> He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
> Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
> Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace:
> Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
> What others talked of while their hands were still!
> And while 'Lord, Lord!' the pious tyrants cried,
> Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
> *His* daily prayer, far better understood
> In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.
> So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
> That by his loss alone we know his worth,
> And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth!"

In the prime of manhood, he took an active part in the municipal affairs of this city, and, to some extent, in public life; but, whether in the hall of legislation or in the council chamber, or as one of his country's defenders at Fort Warren in the war of 1812–'14, he was always characterized for the faithful performance of every trust, in the spirit of disinterested patriotism, as well as for remarkable solidity of judgment, a wise forecast, great circumspection and rare good sense, blended with equal courage, determination, and untiring perseverance.

Firmness of opinion and purpose was a conspicuous trait, because he did nothing impulsively, and had no self-seeking in view; yet he was always ready to reëxamine the ground on which he stood, and if he saw that duty required him to advance (for he never took a step backward), he had no pride of consistency to deter him, but boldly went forward, rejoicing in progress.

His personal integrity was of the highest order. No one ever questioned his sincerity, or thought him capable of intimidation or faltering. He believed what he said, spoke with caution and deliberation, and proved his faith by his works. Economical in his habits on principle, he was liberal and unstinted in his hospitality, and munificent in the aggregate of his charities and contributions, especially in reference to the anti-slavery cause, to the promotion of which the last twenty-six years of his life were particularly consecrated. Other reformatory enterprises were also liberally aided by him. An early teetotaller, he was a steadfast friend of the temperance cause, and maintained a consistent example of abstinence to the end. Regarding even the life of the criminal as sacred, and capital punishment as equally inexpedient and demoralizing, he gave his countenance and support to the movement for the abolition of the gallows in this commonwealth, and in other parts of the country. In the cause of peace, in its most radical form, he took a growing interest; being deeply impressed by the moral sublimity of its doctrines and the martyr-heroism of its spirit. "At the first Woman's Rights Convention I attended many years ago," he wrote to a friend, "Wendell Phillips said in the course of his speech, that 'the movement was the greatest reform of the age.' I thought that an extravagant declaration. I did not then believe it. It served, however, to call my attention more earnestly to the subject. I soon became convinced that the declaration of my highly-esteemed friend was true. I now believe that the movement for woman's rights is the most important reform of the age, and still more important for the ages to come. It includes man's rights in the truest sense, not only for this generation, but for all succeeding generations. I do not believe it possible for man to attain or enjoy his highest rights until woman gets hers. I do not see how it is possible to inaugurate a reform more world-wide or more just. I have always believed in the progress of the human race. In this reform I see the way opening, broad and beautiful, towards the summit of human progress; but both sexes must travel it abreast, or it will never be reached."

Such was the strength of his conviction, such his emphasis of expression; for it was his nature to be thorough and complete in whatever he undertook, and, having once put his hands to the plough, not to look back, but to cut his furrows beam deep, and sow his seed broadcast.

In theology he was on the liberal side, thinking more of character than of creeds, and judging men by their lives rather than by their professions. As a lover of fair play, and abhorring all religious persecution, he nobly stood by Theodore Parker, when it was first resolved by a chosen few that he should have an opportunity to be heard in Boston, in spite of the proscriptive efforts to prevent it. It was a struggle for religious freedom and independence against sectarian exclusiveness and dogmatism, and he could not be an indifferent spectator. It was the presentation of the cross in a new shape, but it had for him no terrors.

Prior to this, animated by the same noble spirit, he gave a warm and generous support to his honored friend, Rev. John Pierpont, in the long protracted, hotly contested, and memorable struggle, on the part of a few wealthy and conservative parishioners, to oust him from the Hollis Street pulpit on account of his temperance and anti-slavery views.

In the veins of Mr. Jackson ran the best blood of the Revolution. His father, Timothy Jackson, Esq., at the age of eighteen, joined a company of "Minute Men," in Newton, raised in January, 1775, "who verified their claim to the name they assumed, on the morning of the Lexington fight, to the letter." He was a corporal in the company. On the morning of that ever-memorable day, he heard the signal guns which announced that the British troops were in motion. He went to the Captain's house at the break of day, and received orders to warn the company to meet upon their parade ground forthwith, which order he promptly executed on horseback, and before eight o'clock the company were on the march to join their regiment at Watertown meeting-house, and from thence took their march for Lexington and Concord. They encountered Lord Percy's reserve at Concord, and continued to hang upon the flank and rear of the British troops until night-fall, receiving the thanks of Gen. Warren for their zeal and bravery. He subsequently participated in other battles, was captured, and suffered much by confinement in those floating hells called prison ships.

The love of liberty, therefore, seemed to be inborn in the person of our deceased friend. As soon as his attention was called to the subject of slavery, he became an avowed Abolitionist, with his customary zeal and courage. In the month of October, 1835, the memorable mob of so-called "gentlemen of property and standing" furiously assailed a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, convened at 46 Washington street, and caused its dispersion. Though hazarding his personal safety and property by the act (such was the phrenzy of the times), Mr. Jackson promptly and openly invited the ladies to hold a meeting in these very parlors; to which invitation more than a hundred of them responded (among whom was the distinguished writer, Harriet Martineau, of England), and a thrilling occasion it proved. Grateful for such an overture in a crisis so perilous, the Rev. Samuel J. May, who was then the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, was requested by the ladies to communicate their appreciation of it in a letter to Mr. Jackson, which elicited from the latter the following soul-stirring reply:

"BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1835.

* * * "In tendering the anti-slavery ladies the use of my dwelling-house, sir, I not only had in view their accommodation, but also, according to my humble measure, to recover and perpetuate the right of free discussion, which has been shamefully trampled on. A great principle has been assailed; one which lies at the very foundation of our republican institutions.

"If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land—if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and 'pass by on the other side'—so it must be. But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind, so it must not be—so it shall not be, if I, for one, can prevent it. Upon this great right, let us hold at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house, at least, shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth, let them fall, if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipt into silence.

"Mobs and gag-laws, and the other contrivances by which fraud or force would stifle inquiry, will not long work well in this community. They betray the essential rottenness of the cause they are meant to strengthen. These outrages are doing their work with the reflecting.

"Happily, one point seems already to be gaining universal assent, that slavery cannot long survive free discussion. Hence the efforts of the friends and apologists of slavery to break down this right. And hence the immense stake which the enemies of slavery hold, in behalf of freedom and mankind, in its preservation. The contest is, therefore, substantially between liberty and slavery.

"As slavery cannot exist with free discussion, so neither can liberty breathe without it. Losing this, we, too, shall be no longer freemen indeed, but little, if at all, superior to the millions we now seek to emancipate.

"With the highest respect, your friend,

"FRANCIS JACKSON.

"Rev. S. J. MAY, Cor. Sec. Mass. A. S. Society."

Worthy to be printed in letters of gold, and handed down with Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence to the latest posterity! Worthy of Hampden and Sydney, of Jay and Franklin, of Martin Luther and George Fox, of the Mayflower and Lexington, of the noblest patriots and the bravest heroes of any age or country! Now, happily, so altered is the state of public sentiment on the subject of slavery, it is impossible for those who have since come upon the stage of life to realize the moral grandeur and sublime, self-sacrificing spirit of an act like this—its immense service to the cause of freedom—the imminent danger that attended it (such was "the madness of the hour"), for the probability was that this consecrated dwelling would be levelled to the ground by a demoralized mob, and its owner subjected to personal outrage. The whole country was in such an inflammatory state at that time, that the uncompromising advocate of emancipation, like an apostle of old, could speak of being "in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren." But that "reign of terror" has passed away—the spirit of freedom is abroad in the land, with great majesty and power—and there is cheering evidence that the demoniac slaveholding spirit which has so long and so brutally held sway will speedily be cast out, to the redemption of us all, and the joy of heaven and earth.

As another illustration of his scrupulous regard to his conscientious convictions, Mr. Jackson resigned his commission as a Justice of the Peace, in a letter written July 4th, 1844, addressed to His Excellency George N. Briggs, in which, objecting to the Constitution of the United States as "containing provisions calculated and intended to foster, cherish, uphold and perpetuate slavery," he expressed his belief that it would be morally wrong for him any longer to support it—adding, "I am not in this matter constituting myself a judge of others. I do not say that no honest man can take such an oath, and abide by it. I only say that *I* would not now deliberately take it; and that, having inconsiderately taken it, I can no longer suffer it to lie upon my soul. The burdens that the Constitution lays upon me, while it is held up by others, I shall endeavor to bear patiently, yet acting with reference to a higher law, and distinctly declaring that while I retain my own liberty, I will be a party to no compact which helps to rob any other man of his."

Such personal integrity is, alas! rarely to be found in history. It breathes of that spirit which of old exclaimed, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye"; and of that kindred spirit which asked, "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Whether that step was really called for or not, all must admire the conscientiousness which prompted it.

So it was with our honored friend in all things. Desiring neither conspicuity nor notoriety, he was, nevertheless, ever ready to "stand in the gap" when gap-men were wanting, and to brave all obloquy in the cause of unpopular truth. Like Niagara or Mount Washington, his character impresses us the more deeply, the more it is contemplated. Symmetrical, massive, grand, it challenges admiration, it excites wonder, it prompts to high aims, it is a model for imitation.

Farewell! truest of friends, safest of counsellors, bravest of heroes, noblest of exemplars!

Farewell! shelterer and defender of the hunted fugitive slave, foe of oppression, lover of justice, friend of humanity!

Farewell! veteran in years, crowned with the glories of a philanthropic life, and the honors of a spotless career!

Hail, ascended spirit, no longer held by the trammels of earth! Lead us onward and upward in the path of everlasting progress, and inspire us with thy unfaltering trust in the truth and the right, whatever may be the trial, or however heavy may be the cross!

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Let me, friends, add a word, however needless it may seem, to what Mr. Garrison has told us. Here lies the body of one of whom it may be justly said, he was the best fruit of New England institutions. If we had been set to choose a specimen of what the best New England ideas and training could do, there are few men we should have selected before him. Broad views, long foresight, tireless industry, great force, serene faith in principles, parent of constant effort to reduce them to practice—contempt of mere wealth, that led him in middle life to give up getting, and devote his whole strength to ideas and the welfare of the race; entirely unselfish, perfectly just; thrifty, that he might have to give—fearing not the face of man—tolerant of other men's doubts and fears—tender and loving—are not these the traits that have given us the inheritance we value? None will deny they were eminently his.

My only hesitation in describing him is lest I be thought to flatter. What men have themselves seen, they believe; all further is set down to the blind partiality of friendship. Few have been privileged to know men like Francis Jackson. To such men, in fulness of years, there is no death. There seems no place for tears here. Our friend has only laid down this body, the worn tool God lent him, and passed on to nearer service and a higher sphere. He had fought a good fight, and certainly *finished* his work here.

We have known him so long, looked up to him for so many years, trusted his judgment, leaned on his friendship, counted on his strength so constantly, that, like the child losing a parent, we seem left without some wonted shelter under the high, cold heaven—something we nestled under is gone.

I said he was all that our institutions ought to breed—yes, having regard to his plans and purpose of life, he was one of the most thoroughly educated men I ever knew. All he professed and needed to know, he knew thoroughly. Though enjoying but scanty opportunities of education in early life, he was thoroughly dowered by patient training, carefully gathered information and most mature thought: he was in every sense a wise man. And wise men valued him. My friend, Mr. Garrison, has quoted Theodore Parker. All of you who knew Theodore Parker intimately, will recollect that when he wished to illustrate cool courage, indomitable perseverance, sound sense, rare practical ability, utter disinterestedness, and spotless integrity, he named Francis Jackson; and when in moments of difficulty he needed such qualities in a staunch friend, he summoned Francis Jackson to his side.

Every character has some pervading quality, some key-note; our friend's, I think, was decision, serene self-reliance and perseverance. He was the kind of man you involuntarily called to mind when men spoke of "*one*, on God's side, being a majority." Such a *one* sufficed to outweigh masses, and outlive the opposition of long years. Francis Jackson's will did not seem a mere human will or purpose—it reminded you of some law or force of nature—like gravity or the weight of the globe—hopeless to resist it. I cannot describe it better than by quoting some sentences of John Foster's sketch of Howard—you will see how closely they fit our friend:

"The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being uninterrupted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. * * * *

"The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. * * * There was an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short-life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity."

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"As his method referred everything he did and thought to the same end, and his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and, therefore, what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence."

Add to this quality of decision his other trait—tireless activity—and it explains his life. Indeed, he needs no words of ours: "his own right hand has carved his epitaph." As Mr. Garrison has told us, he withdrew long ago from office—stood outside of the political machine. But when history records the struggling birth of those changes and ideas which make our epoch and city famous, whose name will she put before his? And God has graciously permitted him to see of the labor of his hands. These walls said to the wave that beat down all law and authority in Boston in 1835, "Thus far; no further." That word of rebuke was the first faint sighing of the tempest that now sweeps over the continent, "scourging before it the lazy elements, which had long stagnated into pestilence." Some men would say he flung away the honors of life. No; who has reaped so many? The roar of the streets, the petty inefficiency of mayors, never turned him one hair's breadth from his path, or balked him of his purpose. Brave, calm, tirelessly at work, he outlived Mayors and Governors—the mere drift-wood of this Niagara—and wrote his will on the Statute Books of States.

Three years ago, he brought me five thousand dollars, to be used in securing the rights of women. The only charge he laid on me was, to keep the name of the donor secret, until what has now happened, his death. Already that fund has essentially changed the Statute Book of the Empire State—altered materially the laws of two other Commonwealths, and planted the seed of radical reform in the young sovereignty of Kansas. This unseen hand moved the lever which, afar off, lifts the burdens of one-half of the people of great States. And you all know how every man, friend or foe, confidently expected to see his calm brow on every platform which advocated a humane and an unpopular idea. I remember, years ago, at the very first meeting ever held in this city to abolish the use of the whip in the navy, a timidly conservative merchant refused to attend, saying, "Why, I know whom I shall see there—just Francis Jackson, of course, and his set."

But he was not only a Reformer, nor wholly absorbed in what narrow men call useful. Our broad city avenue to Roxbury is half hid by noble trees, because, thirty years ago, he, a member of the City Government, saw to it, unaided at first, that they were planted. And he found time to save for history a sketch of his native town—a volume the result of great labor, and which ranks among the best of our town histories.

Rarest of all, this pitiless toiler in constant work, this tremendous energy of purpose, was wholly unsavored with arrogance. He was eminently tolerant. It was not only that his perfect justice made allowance—no, his ready sympathy helped to give fair, full weight to all that should excuse or make us patient with others. Indeed, his was that very, *very* rare mixture—iron will and a woman's tenderness—so seldom found in our race. Those who saw him only at work, little knew how keenly he felt, and how highly he valued, the kind words and tender messages of those he loved. He not only served the needy and the fugitive slave, but his genial sympathy was as precious a gift as the shelter of this roof or the liberal alms he was sure to bestow. Some men are only modest from indifference, and the energy of some is only ambition in a mask. Mr. Jackson's modesty had no taint of indolence; his enterprise was no cloak for ambition.

Highest of all, he was emphatically an honest man in the full, sublime sense of those common words. "Boston," as *The Tribune* says, "has lost her honestest man." If I speak again of the opposition he encountered, it is not because he cared for it. He took fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks—with a serene indifference. But it is just to him to consider that malignant opposition in another light. The pitiless storm of public hate beat upon him for thirty years. Malice—personal, political, religious—watched his every act, dogged his every step, and yet no breath of suspicion ever touched his character. Out of that ordeal he comes, with no smell of fire on his garments; the boldest malice never gathered courage to invent an accusation. Son, brother, husband, father, neighbor, friend, reformer, in private life, in business, or holding office, no man ever suspected him of anything but the bravery of holding opinions which all hated, none could confute—and of acting them out at the risk of property and life, and the actual sacrifice of all common men love. How few have such an epitaph! We who knew him, when we read of Hampden resisting ship money, or Sydney going to the block, feel that we have walked and lived with their fellow. Scholars watched him and thought of Plutarch. Narrow sectarians scrutinized him, wondered how one lacking their shibboleth wore, so naturally, graces they only prayed for. Active, staunch friend, wise counsellor, liberal hand, serene worker like the stars, "without haste, without rest"! Let us thank God for the sight, for the example. He would tell us to spare our words, saying he had only tried to use his powers honestly. His best praise is our following his example, and each fearlessly obeying his own conscience, and doing, with his might, whatever his hand finds to do for his fellow-man. Let us so do him honor. And as the great Englishman said of his friend, "There's none to make his place good—let us go to the next best," so of thee, dear comrade, and leader of many years, thy place is sacred forever to thy memory—we go to the next best, till God gives us to see thee once again, face to face.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, said:

I will occupy one moment on this occasion to read an extract from a letter written by our friend Francis Jackson, which I hold in my hand. Last winter, when he was so ill, he desired and purposed to resign the offices which he held, of Treasurer in one anti-slavery society and President of the other. He felt that he must resign those offices, for his strength was not sufficient to warrant his retaining them. This letter was written by him, communicating that purpose. It is unnecessary to say, that the urgent entreaties of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society induced him to consent to remain the President of that Society, and he did retain that office, with the pledge that the active duties should be discharged by others; the other office he gave up, and he also resigned the office of Treasurer of the Vigilance Committee. But in regard to fugitive slaves, he says:

"I cannot withhold my aid from fugitive slaves, who for the last twelve or fifteen years have had much of my time and assistance. I cannot deny them, while I have any strength left. They and the millions they have left are my system of Theology, my religion, my atonement. I have helped to enslave them—my father helped; unknowingly, it may be, nevertheless, helped. I believe in this kind of atonement; my reason accepts no other. I believe the slaves are God's chosen people."

The services here closed, and, after many a lingering look at the placid features of the deceased, on the part of those present, the company separated, and the mortal remains were taken to Newton for burial.

Six years ago Mr. Jackson was brought so low by illness that his case was pronounced hopeless by the most eminent of the medical faculty, and his decease for several weeks became a matter of daily expectation. Happily, his recuperative powers so far rallied, to the surprise of all familiar with his situation, that he was restored to comfortable health until last winter, when he was again so much reduced as to make his recovery seemingly impracticable. But a further respite was granted him so far as to enable him to take moderate out-door exercise, to visit his friends and receive visits from them, and to transact his ordinary household affairs. About three weeks ago, he made a visit to his esteemed friend, Bourne Spooner, Esq., at Plymouth; but the weather was raw and blustering, and the journey and exposure proved too severe for his debilitated system. Though manifestly much enfeebled after his return home, no immediate danger was apprehended, and his decease at last took even his most watchful friends by surprise. The event occurred at his residence in Hollis street, on Thursday morning, Nov. 14th. Born on the 7th of March, 1789, he was 72 years and 8 months old.

The intelligence of this removal of one so deservedly loved and revered for his works' sake will excite no ordinary emotion among the friends of enslaved and suffering humanity on both sides of the Atlantic. It will be felt by them like a personal bereavement of the closest nature.

In reference to the funeral services, Mr. Jackson left the following characteristic request, which, of course, was complied with to the letter:

"At my decease and burial, I desire that forms and ceremonies may be avoided, and all emblems of mourning and processions to the grave. Such irrational and wasteful customs rest on fashion or superstition; certainly, not on reason or common sense. The dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it. Nothing should be wasted on the dead, when there is so much ignorance and suffering among the living."

TRIBUTES OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held on Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 19, the following resolutions, presented by Samuel May, Jr., were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That, admonished as we have been, for several years past, by his failing health, that the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society must at no distant day lose the services of its beloved and respected President, Francis Jackson, yet, now that that event has occurred, and we have been compelled to say to him our last farewells on earth, we find the separation a very grievous one, and feel the loss to be exceeding heavy to our Society, to ourselves individually, and the great cause of Human Progress and Brotherhood, not only in this community, but throughout the land.

Resolved, That we deem it one of the highest honors which our Society has enjoyed or ever can enjoy, and one of the most signal proofs which it could possibly give to the world of the integrity and nobleness of its aims and purposes, that Francis Jackson was its active friend and steadfast supporter for upwards of a quarter of a century, and that he continued such even to the moment of his departure.

Resolved, That if we loved Francis Jackson as a personal friend, and valued him as a most efficient officer and fellow-laborer in the Anti-Slavery Cause, we did not less respect and honor him as a Man, in whom no high and noble quality which dignifies and ennobles our nature was lacking; who, to great clearness of moral judgment, sense of duty and power of will, added a remarkable independence of popular opinion, and rare fearlessness in both speech and action, and combined with them all an habitual modesty and absence of self-esteem, which have made him, in our judgment, one of the best and truest men it has ever been our privilege to know.

Resolved, That in the many offices and duties of a public and private nature which have been laid upon him, in the discharge of the many and most responsible trusts which have been confided to his hands, no words can better describe his constant life and character than these—"Faithful Forever."

Resolved, That to his remaining family, with whom we have so long been associated in respect for their honored father, and in the promotion of works dear to his heart, we tender our most sincere and respectful sympathy in this hour, which, if one of temporary bereavement, is nevertheless full of the highest consolations and causes of gratitude.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 19:

Resolved, That among the numerous bereavements which the anti-slavery cause has sustained since its inception in this country, no one has left a larger space of usefulness to be filled, or touched more loving hearts, or made a more profound impression, than that occasioned by the recent death of Francis Jackson, Esq., our honored and revered coadjutor, who has for so long a series of years so faithfully filled the office of Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and been so constant and efficient an attendant at the deliberations of this Committee.

Resolved, That he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance as among the truest of patriots, the most unselfish of philanthropists, and the most radical of reformers; for the grand simplicity and rare integrity of his character; for the extent of his private charities and public benefactions, ministering to every variety of human wretchedness; for his early, long-continued, generous and hearty espousal of the Abolition movement, as well as of other kindred enterprises; for the serenity and bravery of his spirit in the midst of all-abounding violence and universal proscription; for his life (covering more than three score years and ten), so admirable in all the relations of society, so distinguished for manly independence, moral worth and public spirit, so symmetrical and well-balanced, so earnest in its noble purposes, so thoroughly devoted to the cause of "liberty, equality, fraternity," in its highest significance and minutest application.

Resolved, That while it was not permitted him to see the fruition of his efforts and sacrifices, in the utter abolition of slavery, yet we rejoice to believe that, above the roar of cannon, the clash of arms, and the smoke of battle, he heard the song of jubilee and the shouts of redeemed millions, as a swiftly approaching consummation of that glorious struggle for universal emancipation in which he bore so important and conspicuous a part.

Voted That the tenderest sympathies and highest consolations are proffered by this Committee, to the surviving members of his family, and relatives, in view of their great bereavement.

A LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SHOULD you go to Centre Harbor,
As haply you sometime may,
Sailing up the Winnipisauke,
From the hills of Alton Bay—

Into the heart of the highlands,
Into the north-wind free,
Through the rising and vanishing islands,
Over the mountain sea—

To the little hamlet lying
White in its mountain fold,
Asleep by the lake, and dreaming
A dream that is never told—

And in the Red Hill's shadow
Your pilgrim home you make,
Where the chambers open to sunrise,
The mountains and the lake—

If the pleasant picture wearies,
As the fairest sometimes will,
And the weight of the hills lies on you,
And the water is all too still—

If in vain the peaks of Gunstock
Redden with sunrise fire,
And the sky and the purple mountains
And the sunset islands tire—

If you turn from the indoor thrumming
And clatter of bowls without,
And the folly that goes on its travels
Bearing the city about—

And the cares you left behind you
Come hunting along your track,
As Blue-Cap in German fable
Rode on the traveller's pack—

Let me tell you a tender story
Of one who is now no more,
A tale to haunt like a spirit
The Winnipisauke shore—

Of one who was brave and gentle,
And strong for manly strife,
Riding with cheering and music
Into the tourney of life.

Faltering and falling midway
In the Tempter's subtle snare,
The chains of an evil habit
He bowed himself to bear.

Over his fresh, young manhood
The bestial veil was flung—
The curse of the wine of Circe,
The spell her weavers sung.

Yearly did hill- and lake-side
Their summer idyls frame;
Alone in his darkened dwelling,
He hid his face for shame.

The music of life's great marches
Sounded for him in vain;
The voices of human duty
Smote on his ear like pain.

In vain over island and water
The curtains of sunset swung;
In vain on the beautiful mountains
The pictures of God were hung.

The wretched years crept onward,
Each sadder than the last;
All the bloom of life fell from him,
All the freshness and greenness passed.

But deep in his heart forever
And unprofaned he kept
The love of his saintly Mother,
Who in the grave-yard slept.

His house had no pleasant pictures;
Its comfortless walls were bare;
But the riches of earth and ocean
Could not purchase his mother's chair—

The old chair, quaintly carven,
With oaken arms outspread,
Whereby, in the long gone twilights,
His childish prayers were said.

For thence, in his lone night-watches,
By moon or starlight dim,
A face full of love and pity
And tenderness looked on him.

And oft, as the grieving presence
Sat in his mother's chair,
The groan of his self-upbraiding
Grew into wordless prayer.

At last, in the moonless midnight,
The summoning angel came,
Severe in his pity, touching
The house with fingers of flame.

The red light flashed from its windows
And flared from its sinking roof;
And, baffled and awed before it,
The villagers stood aloof.

They shrank from the falling rafters,
They turned from the furnace-glare,
But its tenant cried, "God help me!
I must save my mother's chair."

Under the blazing portal,
Over the floor of fire,
He seemed, in the terrible splendor,
A martyr on his pyre!

In his face the mad flames smote him
And stung him on either side;
But he clung to the sacred relic—
By his mother's chair he died.

O mother, with human yearings!
O saint, by the altar-stairs!
Shall not the dear God give thee
The child of thy many prayers?

O Christ! by whom the loving,
Though erring, are forgiven,
Hast Thou for him no refuge,
No quiet place in heaven?

Give palms to Thy strong martyrs,
And crown Thy saints with gold,
But let the mother welcome
Her lost one to Thy fold!

—*Atlantic Monthly for December.*

JOHN COCHRANE ENDORSED IN KENTUCKY.

From The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.

THE policy indicated by Mr. Cochrane is exactly right, and in accordance with the usages of civilized warfare. We hope to see it adopted by the government. It should have been at first. Had it been, many lives of loyal citizens would have been saved that were lost through the wishy-washy and anomalous conduct of the government toward traitors in arms. Since the commencement of this most unnatural war, it has been safer to be a rebel than to be loyal to the government. The extreme punishment of treason has thus far been an "oath of allegiance," which a rebel will take with as much *sang froid* as he would a gin cocktail.

Why should not the slaves of traitors in arms be confiscated to the use of the Government? *The Democrat* will not deny that slaves are property, as clearly so as are mules. Is it right and proper to confiscate a mule, and put it to hauling transportation? If it is, why is it not equally right and proper to confiscate a slave for a driver of that mule? Both are property, and both are employed by the rebels in their attempt to destroy this government. We believe in "fighting the devil with fire." The rebels employ armed negroes, armed savages; they resort to all sorts of base means, even to piracy upon the high seas. They poison wells, and when they can—as at Guyandotte—they resort to assassination. It is all stuff to talk about fighting such an enem